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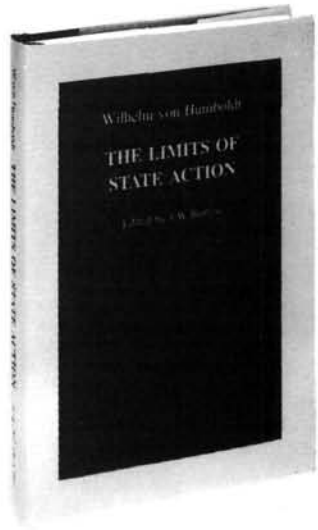

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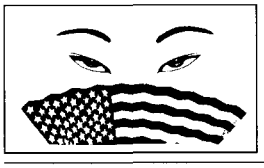

This Land for Hire 10
by Thomas Fleming

The selling of America.

VIEWS

Fixers for a Fee by Charles Lewis 14

The world of foreign lobbyists.

Puppets for Nippon by Pat Choate 18

The Japanese lobby—an American success story.

The Middle East Connection by Arthur E. Rowse 24

The buying of American foreign policy.

Selling Out—Past and Present 29
by Alfred E. Eckes

An age-old art.

OPINIONS

Once More Beyond the Pale 34
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.
John Lukacs: *The End of the Twentieth Century and the End of the Modern Age.*

George F. Kennan: *Around the Cragged Hill: A Personal and Political Philosophy.*
Chronicling the demise of the Old Republic.

REVIEWS

James R. Mellow's *Hemingway: A Life Without Consequences* and Michael Reynolds' *Hemingway: The American Homecoming* are worthy and defective respectively, reports **Jeffrey Meyers** ◆ John Mack Faragher gets to the real man in *Daniel Boone: The Life and Legend of an American Pioneer*, writes **Gregory McNamee** ◆ **H.W. Crocker III** praises George MacDonald Fraser's brashiness in *Quartered Safe Out Here: A Recollection of the War in Burma* ◆ **William R. Hawkins** recommends *The Highest Stakes: The Economic Foundations of the Next Security System* by the Berkeley Roundtable on the International Economy ◆

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From the Lower Right: Mississippi Musing 43
by John Shelton Reed

VITAL SIGNS

The Merchants of Death of Sunset Boulevard: Who Owned Hollywood? 45
by Bill Kauffman

Journalists in Government: Who Owns the News? 48
by Russ Braley

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 4

PRINCIPALITIES & POWERS 7
Gangbusters
by Samuel Francis

POETRY
Silver Spoons 13
and
Truth (A Political Analysis) 33
by Richard Moore

ON THE COVER

Cover design by Anna Mycek-Wodecki. Japanese script courtesy of Mr. Makoto Imai.

MAY 1993/3

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Thomas Fleming

MANAGING EDITOR
Theodore Pappas

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Christine Haynes

ART DIRECTOR
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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
John W. Aldridge, Harold O.J. Brown, Katherine Dalton, Samuel Francis, George Garrett, E. Christian Kopff, Clyde Wilson

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PUBLICATION DIRECTOR
Guy C. Reffett

COMPOSITION MANAGER
Anita Fedora

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Rochelle Frank

A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.
For information on advertising in *Chronicles*,
please call Rochelle Frank at (815) 964-5811.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, OH 44870.

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Chronicles (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $24 per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 17, No. 5 May 1993

Printed in the United States of America

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Banding'

"Banding" as a successor to race-norming (Cultural Revolutions, January 1993) is even more pernicious than Robert G. Holland suggests. Proponents of banding make it sound benign enough. Rather than pretend we can rate people within 100 gradations, we use fewer grades. Schools frequently use letters "A" through "D" for grading, movie reviewers award up to four stars, and men in singles bars rate women on a scale of one to ten.

What the banders don't want us to know is that they borrow from the grade inflation endemic during the Vietnam War that kept men in school and safe from the draft. In this case they hyperinflate grades so that almost any minority test-taker can get a high score. This system was actually used in an examination for police officers in New York City, supposedly to satisfy the state constitution's requirement that the merit system determine civil service eligibility. Prior to this the city had spent over $100,000 to develop a test that was "culturally unbiased." The results of that test were no more favorable to minorities than the old "biased" variety. One high-ranking civil service official was fired for having testified before the city counsel that even illiterates could pass the test.

—David Kahn
New York, NY

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

RON BROWN was recently blasted by an organ that is usually quite friendly to Democrats, the *New York Times*. Its editorial page blasted Brown's confirmation hearing for Commerce Secretary as a "bipartisan disgrace," claiming it "amounted to an open declaration that companies with strong Democratic connections reserve the right to continue the attitude of greed that prevails in Washington." The key issue was Brown's and other appointees' business ties to Japanese corporations. Clinton's economic team has the duty to promote American business interests, even though many of its members have made their fortunes doing just the opposite.

Republican members of the committee might have grilled Brown to strengthen the ethical standards of the new administration or to at least score partisan points. But they didn't. The Reagan and Bush administrations had been shot through with the same kind of foreign connections. Though the two parties may not be able to agree on the color of the sky, their leaders all know the color of the money that saturates the capital.

This is not the first time American leaders have been under heavy foreign influence. During the Revolutionary War, the Continental Congress was under the thumb of the French ambassador. The Chevalier de la Luzerne supplemented his persuasive skills with lavish parties, gifts, and loans. Congress was mesmerized into granting France the right to negotiate the peace terms with England. As the eminent diplomatic historian Samuel Flagg Bemis put it, "Never in history had one people more trustingly or innocently submitted its fate to the disposal of a foreign power." Congress did not realize that America's ally was willing to sacrifice the United States for its own interests.

Had negotiators John Adams and John Jay not suspected the danger and ignored their instructions from Congress, the French might have gotten away with penning the United States behind the Allegheny Mountains. Instead, Adams and Jay focused on the country's needs, took matters into their own hands, and thus gained a line on the Mississippi River, opening the entire continent to eventual American expansion. Theirs was one of the greatest triumphs of American diplomacy,

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though today they would probably be targets of a special prosecutor.

Economics, according to the followers of classical liberalism, is not supposed to be part of the high politics of international relations like territory or alliances. The doctrine of "free trade" forms the basis of their lack of concern for the role of foreign money in American society, a blind spot they maintain even when the money is directly linked to politics and national policymaking. Yet the original classical liberal economists were writing at the dawn of the Industrial Revolution and could not see its implications. However, it might have occurred to them that this was a development that would greatly accelerate trends already apparent from the commercial and military revolutions of the 16th and 17th centuries. Of those liberals who did see this trend, the response was not that of visionaries, but rather of reactionaries, harking back to a premodern era already two centuries past when religious and dynastic concerns dominated high politics and economics were too underdeveloped to have much bearing on events. They hoped economics could continue to be isolated from other concerns. Their intellectual heirs still drag these dead notions around, displaying a tenacity for irrelevance unmatched except perhaps among the Marxists.

While economic issues per se have not caused many wars, the strength of national economies has made the difference between victory and defeat in those major conflicts that have determined the balance of power in the world. Thus wise statesmen have never been able to ignore the economic trends that could undermine the ability of their nation to control its own fate. Unfortunately, statesmen are at a premium in a system that so lavishly rewards political opportunists.

America's Founding Fathers counted more than their share of statesmen among them. They learned that allies may have common enemies, but not common goals. The same holds true with regard to Japan today. It should not be surprising that new challenges can come from old allies. Though the Soviet Union presented a grave military threat, communism was never a serious rival to capitalism. Only another capitalist power can pose an economic threat.

The Japanese are strongly nationalistic. They have had to struggle for everything they have. Japan was "opened" by American warships, and its people were thrown into world affairs as the industrial West carved a sphere of influence in Asia. Japan's leaders converted their land from potential prey to Great Power predator in record time. As the noted scholar of Asian philosophies Tom Cleary has written, "There is no practical way to overlook the military rule and martial culture that have dominated Japan for many centuries, virtually up to the present day." The basic symbol of the sword may now mean computer chips rather than battleships, but the desire for victory has not diminished.

"The way of the warrior" came to Japan from ancient China. At the end of the Ming Dynasty an unknown author distilled the essence of this philosophy in a set of mnemonic phrases known as *The Thirty-Six Stratagems*. Several pertain to the current situation and are taken from Cleary's 1992 book *The Japanese Art of War: Understanding the Culture of Strategy*.

"Hide a sword in a smile. You ingratiate yourself with enemies, inducing them to trust you. When you have their confidence, you can move against them in secret." Alliances can be used to cover subversion.

"Let them climb the roof, then take away the ladder. You maneuver enemies into a point of no return by baiting them with what look like advantages and opportunities." Tokyo has used the sophistry of "free trade" well in this regard, playing on the shortsightedness of Americans to penetrate deeply into key industries. Our continued trade and budget deficits merely strengthen the leverage of Japanese financiers.

"To capture the brigands, capture their kind. When confronted with a massive opposition, you take aim at its central leadership." This can certainly be seen in Washington, where Japan's financial net has been thrown wide to ensnare as much of the American political establishment as possible. Since the United States is inherently stronger, Tokyo must prevent a concerted American effort to regain global predominance.

The Japanese have contributed large sums to politicians and policy groups that promote "free trade" ideology, just as the old Soviet Union gave money to American communists. The only difference is that Japan wants others to believe in an ideology it rejects for itself. Otherwise, it's the same old story. When foreigners dump money into the policymaking process, it is to promote their interests, not ours.

—William R. Hawkins

NAFTA—the North American Free Trade Agreement—is not unlike the notorious star chamber, where the king and counsellors of medieval England secretly meted out justice without concern for precedent. If Congress approves NAFTA, George Bush's proudest diplomatic achievement, Americans can expect a heavy dose of star-chamber-style justice in the 21st century.

For the average citizen, NAFTA is a formidable document. It extends some two thousand pages and reads with all the elegance of a mortgage contract. Behind the cumbersome sentences and passive verbs lie revolutionary concepts cloaked in innocuous words. At first glance, Article 20 (relating to dispute-settlement procedures) appears a harmless monument to the drafting skills of disciplined international lawyers. But a closer reading reveals the mischievous fingerprints of incremental internationalists, the modern-day gnomes of Switzerland who sit around Geneva drafting codes for the New World Economic Order. Indeed, the spirit of Geneva runs rampant at the U.S. Trade Representative's Office in Washington. To write NAFTA, the gnomes of USTR drew heavily on dispute-resolution proposals advanced in the Uruguay Round deliberations of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Eager to rationalize and harmonize international trading practices, they have done the legal equivalent of reinventing the wheel. They have revived the medieval star chamber.

Instead of relying on an independent and impartial judicial system based on established law, NAFTA's Article 20 gives extraordinary latitude to ad hoc dispute-settlement panels. NAFTA panels have authority to conduct hearings away from the glare of public opinion. Hearings, deliberations, and reports will all remain confidential, except to governments. Indeed, final panel reports need not be published. The five-member panels are not composed of experienced and independent justices insulated from popular passions and politics, like United States courts. Instead, the

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panelists are appointees, selected from a roster of lawyers and trade experts, for temporary assignment. Most of them are individuals beholden to governments and special interests for future employment.

Nor does precedent bind their decisions. Mexican and American law have different origins. The former reflects the Napoleonic imprint of statutes; the latter, the English Common Law. Thus, there is no common body of law, except for the agreement, and Article 20 makes no reference to national precedents. The panels are thereby free to write and shape international trade law as their free spirits direct.

If the miserable experience of dispute-settlement panels in the Free Trade Agreement with Canada is any indicator, the panels will not hesitate to improvise and interpret the law as they choose. A similar United States-Canada panel recently demonstrated the extraordinary power of such bodies when it reinterpreted American countervailing duty law and reversed a Department of Commerce decision in a case involving swine imports from Canada. Had the case gone to the United States Court of International Trade, not the binational panel, it would have been subjected to a narrower standard of review, with the court examining only whether the Department of Commerce had acted reasonably in applying the law.

Americans should not dismiss NAFTA panels as toothless tigers in the fictional jungle of international commercial law. For they may soon prevail over domestic courts and encroach on the authority of Congress and individual states. They may reapportion sovereignty between states and the federal government, upset the separation of powers among the three branches of federal government, and subordinate the independent federal judiciary to the law of NAFTA. Once a NAFTA panel submits its finding, governments party to the dispute must resolve the conflict either by removing measures not conforming to NAFTA or by paying compensation.

Article 20, in particular, has far-reaching implications for the 50 tates. Traditionally, as a result of the Tenth Amendment and its "commerce clause," states have regulated banks and insurance companies and set standards for licensing services and professionals. As a consequence of NAFTA, they may soon have to treat Mexicans and Canadians the same as Americans as well as offer them equal opportunities to compete.

Another specific NAFTA provision, Annex 2004, has even more ominous significance. Annex 2004 allows a party to NAFTA to invoke dispute settlement when it believes a measure to be inconsistent with the agreement or an impairment to benefits it could reasonably have expected to accrue. In essence, if Mexico thinks one of the 50 states is doing something to hinder gains it might have anticipated, it can insist on dispute settlement—relying on the caprice of panels. Environmentalists and consumer activists, as well as conservatives, interpret this provision as a usurpation of state rights. Indeed, NAFTA could eliminate experimentation of any kind—liberal or conservative—at local levels in response to complaints from foreign citizens.

From a larger historical perspective, NAFTA is a classic example of how unelected officials can employ treaties and international agreements to modify the United States Constitution without the approval of three-fourths of state legislatures and two-thirds of Congress. Years ago both the Antifederalists and Ohio Senator John Bricker recognized this problem. At the end of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, Virginia delegate George Mason voiced apprehension that the Senate could "sell the whole country by means of Treaties." (He overlooked presidential complicity.) Mason's concern acquired real meaning in 1920 when the Supreme Court ruled in *Missouri* v. *Holland* that a treaty with Great Britain to regulate the flow of migratory birds overrode Tenth Amendment powers reserved to states.

A generation later in 1953, Bricker, a conservative Ohio Republican, placed the issue on the national agenda. He proposed a constitutional amendment declaring that treaties and executive agreements could become effective as internal law only when implemented through legislation valid in the absence of the treaty. Aimed at the excesses of internationalism and the United Nations system, Bricker's amendment encountered vigorous opposition from President Dwight Eisenhower. Ike feared Bricker's amendment would undercut presidential authority to conduct foreign affairs and so impair his efforts in the Cold War.

Forty years after Senator Bricker fought unsuccessfully to protect the states from executive usurpation, external conditions have changed. The Cold War seems over. Now, what John Adams termed the "spirit of Commerce" drives national policy. Policymakers in Washington, responding to the needs of *Fortune* 500 firms, promote access to global markets for goods, services, and investments. To guard against expropriation and other forms of discrimination, they seek binding dispute-settlement mechanisms involving binational panels, not local judiciaries. These incremental internationalists promote harmonization to vitiate parochialism and nationalism.

It is well-known that sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander. In exchange for due process and impartial decision-making for American companies in Mexico, the diplomatic architects of economic internationalism offer like treatment for Mexicans in the United States. Mexican firms gain "national treatment" and the right to establish banks and insurance companies and to perform a host of services in the United States. Internationalists thereby cavalierly trade off domestic economic interests and constitutional rights to benefit large American investors eager to exploit opportunities in Mexico.

A persuasive case can be made for improving economic cooperation with Mexico. Indeed, without "help" from political leaders a single continental market is emerging of its own volition. NAFTA is not the solution. With its star-chamber-style dispute-settlement panels, NAFTA so mutilates the United States Constitution that a reputable lexicographer might insist on truthful labeling. Call it "SHAFTA."

—*Alfred E. Eckes*

OBITER DICTA: This month we are happy to report on the publication of a couple of books by *Chronicles* contributors John Shelton Reed and Kit Reed. John Shelton Reed's *My Tears Spoiled My Aim and Other Reflections on Southern Culture* was recently released by the University of Missouri Press. A professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, Mr. Reed has been a corresponding editor for *Chronicles* for several years. Following on the

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heels of his highly successful collection of essays *Whistling Dixie: Dispatches from the South*, Mr. Reed's new book promises to be characteristically entertaining and instructive.

Kit Reed's new collection of short stories, *Thief of Lives*, was also published by the University of Missouri Press. Her fourth book of short stories, *Thief of Lives* brings together an eclectic mix of Ms. Reed's work, some of which (like "The Garden Club" and "Fourth of July") first appeared in *Chronicles*. Ms. Reed, who is also the author of 12 novels, was recently commended as "a resourceful and often witty writer" in a review of her new collection for the *New York Times Book Review*.

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

Gangbusters

In *The Killer Angels*, Michael Saara's novel about the battle of Gettysburg, there is a character named Colonel Arthur Fremantle, a British military observer attached to the Confederate forces. In part a comic figure, Fremantle is perpetually perplexed by Americans in general and Southerners in particular, and he painfully worries himself and others with his seldom-very-acute perceptions. One thing he can't understand is why all the Southerners he meets are always so polite, and when he finally figures it out, he explains his discovery to General Lewis Armistead, who later recounts it to his colleagues. "That Fremantle is kind of funny," says Armistead. "He said that we Southerners were the most polite people he'd ever met, but then he noticed we all of us carry guns all the time, wherever we went, and he figured that maybe that was why."

For once, Colonel Fremantle may have hit upon an important truth, one that pertains not only to the antebellum South but also to human society in general. Armed societies are courteous societies, and many of history's most heavily armed social orders besides the Old South—those of the ancient Greeks, medieval European knights, Japanese Samurai, Renaissance courtiers, and barely literate cowboys on the American frontier—have also been noted for the elaborate rituals of courtesy and chivalry they practiced. The word "chivalry" itself, now a synonym for the old-fashioned style of deportment at which the emancipated strumpets of President Clinton's Cabinet and household snort, derives from the code of the human battle tanks that rode horseback in the Middle Ages. The reason for the relationship between good weapons and common courtesy ought to be clear. With just about everyone you meet clanking a sword or packing a pistol, you'd better mind your manners, and your manners had better be highly formalized in clearly defined, normative patterns of conduct that leave no doubt about the benevolence of your intentions and the innocence of your behavior.

The converse also appears to be true. The society of late 20th-century America is perhaps the first in human history where most grown men do not routinely bear arms on their persons and boys are not regularly raised from childhood to learn skill in the use of some kind of weapon, either for community or personal defense—club or spear, broadsword or longbow, rifle or Bowie knife. Ours also happens to be one of the rudest and crudest societies in history, having jubilantly swept most of the etiquette of speech, table, dress, hospitality, regard for fairness, deference to authority, and the relations of male and female and child and elder under the fraying and filthy carpet of politically convenient illusions. With little fear of physical reprisal, Americans can be as loud, gross, disrespectful, pushy, and negligent as they please. Yet if more people carried rapiers at their belts or revolvers on their hips, it's a fair bet you'd be able to go to a movie and enjoy the dialogue from the screen without having to endure the small talk, family gossip, and assorted bodily noises that many theater audiences these days regularly emit.

The prospect of a society in which you can put a bullet between the eyes of drivers who grab a parking space for which you've been waiting or meet under the oaks at dawn characters who bray sexual and scatological slang in the hearing of your wife and children in restaurants will no doubt strike most Americans today as brutal, but the fact is that that is precisely how most societies in human history have disciplined themselves. For the most part, of course, bloodshed over such slights did not occur, because the slights themselves did not take place and because most people knew the price they might have to pay for indulging in the ethic of Me First and What's Yours Is Negotiable. Today, discourtesy is commonplace precisely because there is no price to pay for it. Habitual rudeness is too trivial a disruption of the social bond for even the ubiquitous American megastate to notice or control, and if it becomes too unbearable for the dwindling number of Americans who are repelled by it to stomach, they simply avoid locations where they're likely to encounter it. They move to the suburbs, which they perhaps imagine are the last redoubts of safety and civility, places where they won't have to fight to defend themselves or the way of life they prefer and where they can rely on somebody else to fight for them.

But in the last year or so, there have been indications that even that escape fantasy is being denied to Middle Americans as criminals and their close predecessors on the evolutionary tree of incivility, just plain boors, pursue them beyond the city limits. Last summer in suburban Maryland, a woman who was driving her preschool child to a daycare

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center was kidnapped and murdered by two worthies from the District of Columbia. They pushed her out of her car and dragged her for nearly a mile and then pitched the baby out of the moving vehicle. This sort of crime is fairly common in the District itself, but the woman's neighbors in Howard County weren't used to it. "One of the things the real estate agent said," a neighbor told the *Washington Times* soon after, "was that Howard County has the lowest crime rate and that this area has the lowest rate of all." Virginian suburbanites expressed similar sentiments in the aftermath of random killings by a wandering lunatic near CIA headquarters during the height of rush hour earlier this year in upscale McLean, Virginia. "I moved out here to be safe," whimpered a local clergyman to the *Washington Post* the day after the shootings. "Now I can't even drive in the suburbs."

The emergence of routine rudeness and discourtesy and the eruption of serious crime in suburbs as well as cities are both part of the same pattern of social and civil decomposition that the United States is enduring, and the removal of force as a social control on both of them is perhaps the major underlying reason for their appearance. "Disguise it how you will," wrote the Victorian conservative theorist and lawyer Fitzjames Stephen, "it is force in one shape or another which determines the relations between human beings." Stephen regarded force as the foundation not only of law and government but also of social relationships, and he would have understood what is happening in the United States today as quickly and clearly as those police officers who have to live—and die—with it. Donald Murray, president of the Boston Police Patrolmen's Association, told the *Times* in the wake of the Maryland killing last year that "the criminal justice system has gone soft. Nobody has the guts to pull the lever on the electric chair. Instead, they tolerate increased violence, and every year the murder rate goes up."

Actually, Americans and even their lawmakers are increasingly beginning to rediscover the inverse relationship between the level of force available and social disorder, but unlike Stephen they persist in the delusion that force belongs only to and in the state and particularly in the federal government. Lawmakers understand the use of force at least to the degree that they know it's a good idea to pretend to support more of it as a means of controlling crime.

Thus, for the last couple of years a federal "crime control" bill has been bouncing around Congress that promises to inflict capital punishment for no less than 51 different offenses. By voting for it and bragging about it, congressmen can boast to their constituents of how draconian they are on criminals, though when you examine the bill's provisions closely you will find that the crimes for which a convict can be hailed to the scaffold include such offenses as treason, espionage, and genocide. Death is a reasonable penalty for those who commit any or all of these, but executing those convicted of them does nothing to control the sorts of crimes most Americans have reason to fear. No one is really afraid of being mugged by Julius Rosenberg or raped in the parking lot by Pol Pot. In fact, most of the rest of the bill's sanguinary language merely protects federal bureaucrats and congressmen, not the ordinary citizen, by inflicting death on the killers of just about every professional political parasite from visiting dignitaries of foreign countries to egg inspectors in the Department of Agriculture.

Whenever using more force as punishment or deterrent is discussed these days, it is almost always in terms of how to enhance the power of the megastate itself and to strip average Americans of whatever means of force they have left to protect themselves; it never involves the removal of political and legal restraints on the use of force by social authorities. Gun control and expansion of the number of policemen, prosecutors, and prisons are among the favorite gimmicks advanced by what preens itself as the "tough on crooks" school, and of course our friends the neoconservatives are in the forefront of peddling its doctrine. The original plans of "drug czar" Bill Bennett for the Bush administration's much ballyhooed "war on drugs" were the prototype for a veritably Napoleonic expansion of federal power that would have placed Mr. Bennett at the center of an iron web of national law enforcement, international diplomacy, the coordination of military forces, and the dispensation of billions of dollars to federal, local, and state police, educators, rehabilitators, and therapists. President Bush, perhaps sensing the implicit coup d'etat the drug czar was trying to pull on him and the nation, wisely gutted most of it, and Mr. Bennett, his fun spoiled, eventually announced a tremendous but intangible victory in the war on drugs and fled the administration shortly after.

But the drug czar's visions of a vastly expanded federal role in law enforcement live on in the neoconservative mind. Last year, just after the Los Angeles riots, Terry Eastland, Mr. Bennett's one-time boon companion, mouthpiece, and ghostwriter, unbosomed himself of a brainstorm for further enlargement of federal crime control. Complaining that Lyndon Johnson's response to the Watts riot of 1965 hadn't included enough federal law enforcement, Mr. Eastland wrote that Johnson "believed law enforcement should remain a local matter. Conservatives have long believed that too, but Mr. Bush will also make a mistake if he rejects the need for a deeper federal law enforcement presence in the nation's inner cities." While neoconservatives shudder at the word "nationalism" when it refers to an America First foreign policy and trade doctrine, they smack their lips with glee when the term can be drafted to bolster federal power and implement Big Government conservatism. "Nationalism must prevail when the most fundamental right of all—to self-preservation—can no longer be secured by local authorities," intoned Mr. Eastland.

Yet the lesson of the experience of the last 60 years or so of federal involvement in law enforcement is that there is far too much of it. Think, for a moment, of the federal agencies already engaged in police work: the FBI is the most obvious, but there is also the Drug Enforcement Administration, the Internal Revenue Service, the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the Border Patrol, the U.S. Marshals Service, the Secret Service, the U.S. Customs Service, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, the Bureau of Prisons, and the inspectors for the U.S. Postal Service, in addition to the whole apparatus of the military police and criminal investigation services of the Armed Forces, not to mention divers and sundry interagency task forces, federal prosecutors, judges, court officials of one kind or another, and the quietly enlarging role of the Armed Forces themselves and the CIA in enforcing the drug laws. Does anyone other than enthusi-

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asts of reruns of *The Untouchables* imagine for a second that this labyrinth of bureaucracies has made American society any safer than it was before any of them existed?

Moreover, since the "incorporation doctrine" was foisted off on the legal system, the federal courts have presided over what is nothing less than a national revolution in criminal law whereby every unsolicited confession of a street-corner grifter and every poke of a policeman's nightstick in the ribs of a pimp or a pusher yields yet another new revelation of a hitherto latent meaning of the Bill of Rights. By slyly reshaping the Constitution's limitations of federal power into restrictions on state and local authority, the courts have managed to wreck most of what remains of effective local law enforcement in the country and to centralize and censor its commonsense procedures. What the courts have been unable to reach with their legal fictions has been mopped up by affirmative-action programs that mandate the hiring of unqualified minorities and women as policemen and prevent the promotion of qualified officers.

Nor will federalizing (more properly, nationalizing) law enforcement stop in the new age of Mr. Clinton and his policy harem of Hillary, Zoë, Kimba, Donna, and/or Janet. It took the new President nearly the whole of the first month of his administration to locate an Attorney General who both supported him and was also sufficiently square with the law to pass the scrutiny of the check-bouncers, secret-leakers, plagiarists, and woman-drowners on the Senate Judiciary Committee, and when he finally discovered the incumbent Ms. Reno, she at once announced that her first priority of business as the nation's top gangbuster would be the welfare of children. Mr. Clinton himself probably knows no more about law enforcement than any other public responsibility, and he probably cares about it even less than he does for those things he may know something about, but he too went through the charade of "tough on crooks" earlier this year when he vowed to push for the hiring (largely with federal funds) of yet another 100,000 policemen to put on the nation's streets even as he also promised to sign more federal handgun legislation.

That, in a nutshell, is the long-standing liberal-neoconservative law- enforcement strategy: disarm the citizens and swell the power of the federal leviathan. It has nothing to do with protecting Americans from criminals or punishing the criminals themselves, let alone with restoring to the communities and citizenry the force they naturally need and ought to have to protect themselves. It has everything to do with enhancing the power of those who can expect to gain from an enlarged but largely incompetent federal law-enforcement apparat and making certain no one outside the federal megastate and the professional police agencies that profit from it has any power at all. The nationalization of law enforcement, even when it claims to be "tough on crooks," is a fraud that converts local public authorities into vestigial organs of the megastate and robs social institutions of the force that disciplines society.

From at least the days when Franklin Roosevelt's first Attorney General, Homer Cummings, barnstormed about the country stumping for what he variously called a "national police force," an "American Scotland Yard," a "super police force," and, on one occasion, a "Federal Army of Justice" to wage his "war on crime," the grand design of the architects of the managerial state has been to replace what they view as the "chaos" and "backwardness" of local and state police departments with the scientifically planned, humanely progressive, and fashionably therapeutic experimentation of law enforcement administered from the purportedly cleaner corridors of Washington. Cops who know their beats and keep the peace on them, and sheriffs who can tell the difference between local ne'er-do-wells and dangerous criminals, are supposed to yield to over-educated young ladies with master's degrees in womanology.

But law enforcement, like most of the other social functions Washington claims to be able to perform better than anyone else, is really not a very complicated matter. Most societies in history have never had much of a problem with controlling criminals, and they've never needed science, therapy, special training and task forces, centralized bureaucracies, or indeed very many cops to deal properly and speedily with killers, thieves, and rapists. What they needed and what they had at hand that we do not have was precisely the force that "in one shape or another . . . determines the relations between human beings" and the will to make use of it. If Americans really want to take back their streets, their cities, and their suburbs and to teach some manners to the clods and crooks that are pushing them out of their theaters, parking lots, shopping malls, and restaurants, a little force and the will to use it are all they need to accomplish the task.

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LIBERAL ARTS

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Once limited to schoolrooms and voting booths, bilingualism has now entered fire stations. In the Chicago suburbs, the Northlake Fire Protection District has subscribed to a multilingual telephone service that will enable it to respond to emergency callers who do not speak English. Reacting to local Hispanic activist Jesus Espinoza's concerns about how Northlake dispatchers would answer emergency calls from the district's large Spanish-speaking population, the district voted last December to hook up to the AT&T Language Line, which provides links to translators who speak more than 120 languages. Following on the heels of DUCOM, the centralized dispatching service for DuPage County, Illinois, that has used the AT&T system for over a year, Northlake taxpayers have opted to pay a $490 initial hook-up fee and $50 monthly service fees to sign up for the language line. But activist Espinoza is still not satisfied; arguing that the line is not a solution and that Spanish-speaking Hispanics should be hired instead, he has filed an unfair-hiring complaint against the district with the Justice Department.

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Krystyna Jachniewicz

This Land for Hire

by Thomas Fleming

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me fellow citizens); the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government."

—George Washington

The day after Bill Clinton's election, the new leader of the Republicans, Robert Dole, told reporters that his party would adhere to the high standards the Democrats had set in reviewing presidential appointments. As an admirer of Senator Dole's style of attack, I began looking forward to a late winter warmed by the anxieties of "Borked" Democrats, and I was not the only American to rub his hands in gleeful anticipation when Ron Brown, political fixer and foreign lobbyist, was named Secretary of Commerce.

After all, Mr. Brown had been a paid advocate of "Baby Doc" Duvalier in Haiti and had represented the interests of over 20 Japanese clients, while his firm—Patton, Boggs & Blow—is the most notorious influence-peddler in Washington. But Mr. Brown, so far from having to dodge broadsides as he ran a Republican blockade, sailed through his hearings like a toy boat on a quiet pond.

But what were the Republicans going to say? Could they trot out former U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills to denounce the obvious conflicts of interest? Hills, who as USTR lifted the restriction on Japanese participation in airport construction projects receiving federal funds *and* canceled the semiconductor agreement with Japan, had previously "worked as a registered foreign agent for Daewoo, a Korean conglomerate that makes autos, steel, ships, electronics, and heavy machinery and operates a major bank and construction company. . . [she] also lobbied for two Canadian timber companies. Just prior to entering office as the USTR, she was providing business and legal advice to Japan's Matushita Corporation. Her husband is Roderick Hills, who represented C. Itoh, one of Japan's largest trading companies, when it was caught up in the Toshiba affair."

This profile was drawn by Pat Choate in his 1990 book *Agents of Influence*, and Choate goes on to point out that Hills named as her senior deputies two men whose firms had represented Japanese clients. The "Toshiba affair" is the scandal that broke out when it was discovered that Toshiba had sold silent propellor technology to the Soviet Union. That the image of Toshiba and Japanese business in general came out of the affair unscathed is due in part to the effective efforts of American public relations firms and in part to the unified and coherent trade strategies of the Japanese partnership between government and business. Trade for them is simply "war by other means," and not only can they mobilize the resources of their own nation behind a campaign, but they can also buy into American trade associations, hire American p.r. firms, and make substantial payments to American politicians in office and reward them with lavish fees for "speaking engagements" or with donations to pet projects once they have retired.

Defenders of foreign lobbyists insist that in a free democracy people have a right to say what they like, but a free debate is supposed to include both sides. Instead, whenever anyone criticizes Japanese trade practices or American lobbyists, he is called a nativist or racist. The counter-argument, that Americans who sell out their country to foreign interests are morally traitors, is never heard, even from Japan's harshest critics.

If America is an open society based on the rule of law, Japan is neither. It is a closed society, suspicious even of Koreans who have lived there for generations without the opportunity of becoming citizens, and its public life is a system

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of institutionalized corruption—New Jersey on a grand scale. When Ronald Reagan received his $2 million honorarium, Japanese journalists and businessmen bragged openly that it was a payoff for services rendered. An open society, trying to deal fairly with Japan, is in the position of an honest bridge player lured into a game of three-card monte.

"It is dangerous for constitutional states to have too many dealings with tyrants." The danger, according to Demosthenes, lay in the contrast between the settled will of the disciplined ruler—in this case Philip of Macedon—and the instability and corruption that characterize the foreign policy of constitutional states like democratic Athens.

Demosthenes knew whereof he spoke. Late in his career, he described the statesman as the man who could detect important movements and events in the earliest stages of development, and he had been warning the Athenians against Philip's designs as early as 350, when the king was busily annexing territories in northern Greece. Unfortunately, as he pointed out, a popular democracy is "the most unstable and most unreliable of all things, like a variable wind at sea that blows in any direction." Athens was unreliable, because the people were fickle, easily led astray by empty promises of peace and prosperity and easily tricked by leaders who had been paid off by the Macedonian king.

Aeschines, the most eloquent leader of the peace party, which Demosthenes regarded as the Macedonian party, narrowly escaped conviction, but Philocrates, the chief promoter of the peace treaty of 346, was convicted. The formal charge was aimed at orators (that is, prominent political figures who attempted to influence the course of affairs) "who spoke what is not best for the people, taking money and gifts from those who are working against them." Philocrates' crime was twofold: he had deliberately arranged a treaty contrary to Athenian interests, and he had received money from a foreign power. It did not seem to matter that Athens and Macedon were not actually fighting at the time of the treaty, or that the king had been persistent in declaring his friendly intentions toward the city.

In their own defense, the Macedonian party argued that their peace policy was the only prudent course for Athens to take. Besides, Athenian politicians are specialists in the art of the bribe, and Demosthenes himself was not above receiving gifts. With the benefit of our hindsight, Philocrates and his friends could make an even better case. The Roman system of politics was rooted in friendship and gift-giving, as Italian politics is today, and it is only a few Northern European peoples who have made a fetish out of honest government—a government of laws not men, in Burke's hopeful phrase. It did not take long for the honest Anglo-Saxons of the United States to realize that government was simply one more commodity to be bought and sold on the not-so-open market. The Yazoo scandal revealed that something like the entire political class of Georgia was corrupt, and more recent scandals in Arizona and South Carolina make it clear that nothing has improved in the course of nearly two centuries.

But if American politics are deeply rooted in bribery and corruption, we have not yet learned to accept this as an inevitable condition of doing business. The American public expressed outrage over the silver swindle of the 1870's, Teapot Dome in the 1920's, and the S&L scandal of more recent years. We are still naive enough to cling to Burke's prescription, and we do not like to be reminded that the *vox populi* expressed in the ballot box is frequently drowned out by the din of ringing cash registers.

Even supposing that we must live under a system of institutionalized bribery, as the Athenian traitors would argue, we do customarily draw the line at the border. It is easy to find examples of bribery and corruption in the history of the early Republic but not so easy to cite cases of political leaders who accepted payments from foreign governments. General Wilkinson is the only example that comes readily to mind.

Throughout our history, an American caught accepting money from foreign enemies in time of war would quite properly be regarded as a traitor, whether he was convicted of treason, espionage, or trading with the enemy. Although the Constitution of the United States restricts treason to "levying War against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them Aid and Comfort," our moral conception of treason derives from a longer legal tradition that can include acts tending to subvert or libel the government of the nation.

Before turning to military solutions, the United States might consider defending its economic interests by the legal and political means they have at their disposal. In the current atmosphere of wholesale bribery, however, it is impossible to put American interests ahead of the foreign businesses and governments that are buying up our land, our businesses, our institutions, and our leaders.

Laws on treason in Western countries are complicated, deriving from different legal and political systems. In Roman law, by the time of the Empire, the general rubric is *crimen maestatis laesae*, that is, the charge that someone has injured the "majesty" (the greatness, the authority, the vitality) of the Roman state. In time, the charge was typically applied to anyone who diminished the glory of the emperor, for example by wearing the imperial color, but the essence of *maestas* is grander, and more metaphysical, summing up the safety, welfare, and dignity of the nation itself.

Our barbarian ancestors had more personal conceptions of power, and the essence of treason was, for them, infidelity, breaking faith with one's lord or king. In the course of time, the two traditions so intertwined and interpenetrated each other that only the subtlest of legal minds can accurately distinguish the Roman and German elements in French and English treason statutes. In England the great statute of Edward III has something like the status of Magna Carta, because it is regarded as rationalizing and restricting the king's ability to attaint his enemies for treason. The terms are still quite broad, and they include: compassing the death of the king, his queen, or his son and heir; sexual relations with various of his female relatives; coining false money; killing the chancellor, treasurer, or one of the king's justices; levying war

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against the king in his own realm; adhering to the king's enemies by giving them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere.

Even from this brief survey it ought to be clear that a citizen who gives aid and comfort to an enemy has been generally regarded as a traitor. The most extreme cases are traitors who work actively to subjugate their country to a foreign power during a time of open war. British or American citizens who committed acts of sabotage during World War II are an obvious example, but one would have to include those who, as foreign agents, manufactured or distributed pro-German propaganda during the course of the war.

A small step down on the ladder of treason are those who in time of war have surrendered fortresses or positions to an enemy. Trading with the enemy in time of war is a milder version of this crime, although when the goods involved are strategic matériel, there is hardly a difference. In Roman law, strategic materials included weapons, iron, and food. In 14th-century France, merchants were charged with treason for selling food to the English and the Flemings.

My father was a merchant engineer in the late 1930's, and he used to tell me of the British tankers he had seen filling up German submarines, and New England's trade with the British in the War of 1812 is notorious. In my youth, I believed such activities were typical of the English as well as evidence of what Clyde Wilson calls "the degraded Yankee character." But in World War II President Roosevelt, who was as much a friend to big business as he was an enemy to free enterprise, reserved the right to exempt certain companies from the law on trading with the enemy, and ITT was able to deal with Nazi Germany throughout the course of the war and Chase National Bank could keep its Paris branch open even under the German occupation. A more curious case that never came to trial or public attention is that of Otto Kahn, a British subject living in New York who loaned money to the Germans during World War I, but the sublimest examples could be drawn from the history of the Rothschilds who financed all sides of the Napoleonic wars, completely ignoring the accidents of nationality or residence.

Of course, not all forms of espionage are treason in American or British law. Serious acts of espionage can be committed, even when two nations are not at war, and spies are generally considered traitors, regardless of the specific charges brought against them. Again, the worst cases are those of citizens who conspire at the subjugation of their own country. Nothing less was the objective of English and American citizens who spied for the Soviet Union. Whatever faith they had in Marxism, their goal was the overthrow of their own governments and the triumph of international communism under the aegis of the Soviet Union. Kim Philby escaped to Moscow, where in his declining years he entertained Graham Greene and other visiting friends, but the Rosenbergs were executed for peace-time espionage in support of a recent ally. In ancient history, one thinks of Catiline, who not only plotted a bloody coup d'etat but compounded his crime by inviting the collaboration of the Allobrogan Gauls.

Trading with the enemy can be a criminal offense, whether treason or something else, in times of peace as well as of war. The Romans prohibited the sale of weapons, ships, and gold to barbarians, for the obvious reason that such matériel could some day be used in an invasion of the Empire. In France, a merchant was charged with selling arms to the Turks who used them to good advantage in defeating Christians, and in the same period French landowners had to forfeit land on the charge that they had lived in territory under control of England or Navarre *in time of peace*. Throughout the Cold War, American businesses were forbidden to sell the Russians weapons, ammunition, military technology, and a wide variety of products and instruments that might be diverted to military purposes.

After World War I, in the general revulsion from the carnage that attended the death of our civilization, the "merchants of death" who had enriched themselves by selling arms to all sides came in for especial condemnation. Krupps and Vickers had not only supplied their nation's enemies with weapons of war, but they had done their best to stir up animosities and create incidents. To gain influence with governments, the arms merchants put hundreds of politicians and military officers on their payrolls. They were the first of the modern multinationals, and Greek-born Basil Zaharoff, profiled by John T. Flynn in *Men of Wealth*, was a French citizen and yet a partner in the British Vickers, which sold Maxim's pom-pom guns to the Boers who used them to mow down whole rows of Tommies in the Boer War.

Whether they called it treason, subversion, or espionage, trading with the enemy, or giving aid and comfort, the governments of Europe and America for over two millennia have punished politicians and merchants who put the interests of foreign powers above their own. Jonathan Pollard was no less a spy because he spied for Israel, a friendly country. What, then, can be said of American politicians, in or out of office, who receive large sums of money as a reward for advocating the interests of Israel or Japan, inevitably at the expense of our own? But, the story goes, we are not at war with Japan. True enough, but I do not recall any declaration of war against the Soviet Union or any open military conflict between our armies. The Soviet Union was (and is) like Japan, a competitor for power in the world, and if its drive to world conquest was fueled in part by Marxist ideology, the Japanese are driven by their conviction of racial superiority, a motive which the American political class pretends to regard as the ultimate evil.

Declarations of war are a thing of the past. For the foreseeable future, the great strategic conflicts will be over markets and influence instead of territory. As America declines as an economic power, unfortunately, our Presidents are more and more inclined to use military muscle as a not-so-covert hint to our economic rivals. We condemn the hysterical pronouncements of certain Russian nationalists who tell the Japanese to remember Hiroshima, but what else is the message of the Gulf Massacre?

Before turning to military solutions, the United States might consider defending its economic interests by the legal and political means they have at their disposal. In the current atmosphere of wholesale bribery, however, it is impossible to put American interests ahead of the foreign businesses and governments that are buying up our land, our businesses, our institutions, and our leaders.

In deference to the pious fraud of "free speech," I am willing to ignore, for the moment, the mercenary lobbyists and p.r. men who would whitewash Dr. Mengele if he could meet their price. The real scandal is the congressmen and Cabinet officials who go round and round in the revolving door of

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power and money and power and money. Let me cite only a few examples.

Secretaries of State: Dean Acheson, William Rogers, Ed Muskie, and Henry Kissinger. Mr. Kissinger runs the most dangerous rent-a-pol service in Washington, and his "associates" have included Brent Scowcroft and Lawrence Eagleburger, both of whom have been in a position to influence policy toward former clients in Kuwait and Yugoslavia; of Commerce: Peter Peterson (chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations); of Defense: Clark Clifford. Other senior executive officials who have lent their talents to the rivals of the United States include Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, OMB Director David Stockman, Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker, National Security Advisor Richard Allen, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, Herbert Stein, and—most significantly of all—U.S. Trade Representatives Bill Brock, Carla Hills, and Ron Brown.

Then there are the senators: Birch Bayh, Abraham Ribicoff, Richard Stone, Herman Talmadge, John Culver, Walter Huddleston, Paul Laxalt, Charles Mathias, Frank Church .... What a crew, what a country. The list could take up the entire magazine, if we included assistant secretaries of commerce or the senators who refuse to register as lobbyists, to say nothing of members of the House of Representatives. As Jack Anderson once observed, "Old Congressmen never die. They just become lobbyists."

Critics of this racket, from Senator William Fulbright to Charles Lewis, have argued for controls, such as a ban on foreign contributions to political candidates and stricter enforcement of registration and reporting regulations. (Henry Kissinger, for example, is not registered as a foreign agent.) But the method that is most likely to succeed is that adopted by Pat Buchanan and Ross Perot: publicity. Candidates for office need to make an issue of their opponents' foreign PAC money; the heroic Washington press corps needs to name names and expose the dirty little secrets of the economic Fifth Column that is fighting on the enemy side of a trade war. All this presupposes that there are sufficient numbers of American voters who care who owns the government or the country, so long as there is a little something in it for themselves—a job working for the Japanese, a cheaper car, or a baseball game that some dumb foreigner is willing to subsidize. In the end, all of Demosthenes' efforts came to nothing, because the Athenian people had lost the will to preserve their liberties, and in the United States today there is not a single man in high office who is willing to stand up and denounce the dirty business that we politely describe as "buying influence." The fact of the matter is that whenever a foreigner buys influence, there is an American who is selling a piece of his country. c

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Silver Spoons

by Richard Moore

Born, as I was, with silver spoon in mouth,
I do not suffer drouth.
With certain problems solved . . .
but, friends, there's been some enterprise involved.

To *take* what fates bequeath—
that spoon—and *keep* it clamped between my teeth . . .
O yes! The world is full of fops and goons
who've *lost* their silver spoons.

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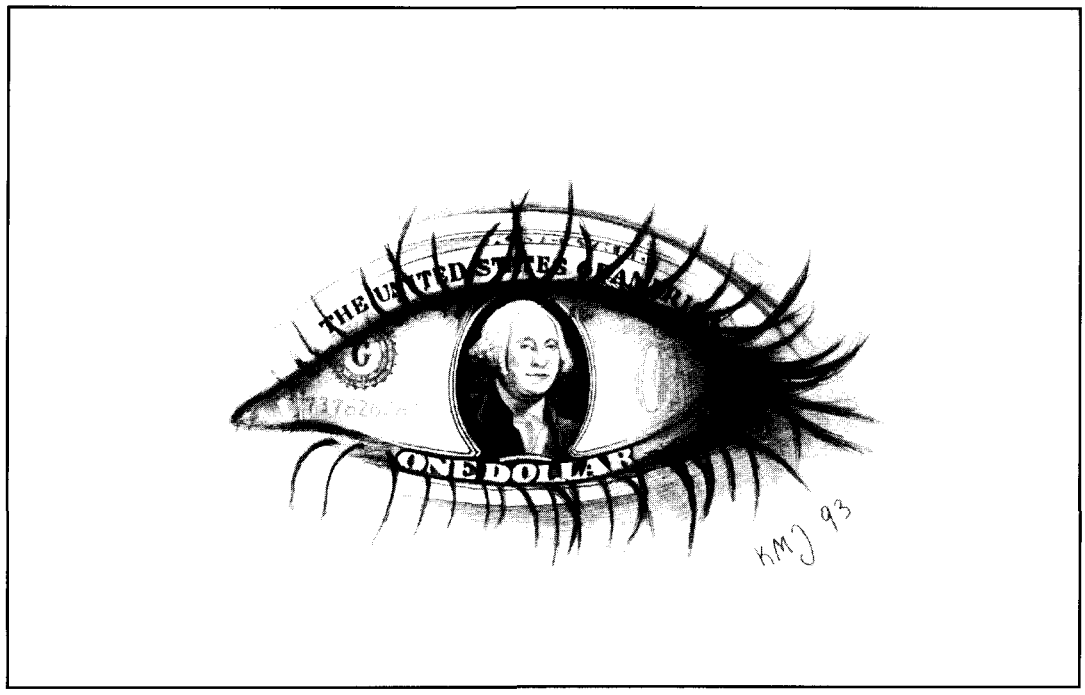
Fixers for a Fee

by Charles Lewis



Krystyna Jachniewicz

For nearly a decade now, Washington has been mired in scandals involving senior American officials who have hired themselves out to various foreign governments and companies. What is new today about this disturbing phenomenon? Because of several recent, investigative studies, we know much more about who is working for overseas interests than in the past; more than ever before, in the 1992 presidential campaign and since, the revolving door to foreign lobbying has become an important national issue which understandably irks millions of Americans; and finally, despite the new awareness, lobbying—and foreign lobbying in Washington in particular—shows signs of *increasing* as we move through the 90's.

Thomas Jefferson observed that "the merchant has no country." As multinational corporations continue to operate and adapt in the most hospitable nation-states they can find, that sentiment is even truer today than it was nearly two centuries ago. Indeed, dedication or devotion to a single country's best interests is frequently viewed with disdain and condescension as being naive or hopelessly shortsighted. But in the international business context, we have always understood and reluctantly accepted this cutthroat, mercenary attitude.

Charles Lewis, formerly a producer for the CBS news program 60 Minutes, *is the founder and executive director of the Center for Public Integrity, a nonpartisan, nonprofit research organization based in Washington, D.C.*

What most Americans—and most people in the world's industrialized societies—do *not* so readily accept is the notion that their government officials will forego the public trust and the public interest and join with the borderless merchant in the single-minded pursuit of money. That smacks of betrayal in the name of cold cash, and in the 1992 presidential campaign, no fewer than four candidates—Jerry Brown, Pat Buchanan, Ross Perot, and Bill Clinton—all pushed that hot button with prospective voters. The new President has continued his rhetoric against the revolving door to foreign lobbying, and, indeed, on his first day in office, he signed an Executive Order to attempt to make it more difficult to sell out.

Unfortunately, the rhetoric and the reality diverge. Clinton's guidelines to curtail access to the revolving door of foreign lobbying are seriously flawed and probably unenforceable. Equally troubling, the new President has appointed well-heeled foreign lobbyists to his Cabinet and sub-Cabinet—exactly the kind of folks Clinton railed against during the campaign.

For example, President Clinton's Deputy National Security Advisor, Samuel Berger, for years has been a lobbyist for Toyota and the Japanese Embassy. The government department most narrowly focused on preserving and promoting America's eroding industrial base—Commerce—is now headed by a man who in the late 80's represented the American subsidiaries of about a dozen Japanese electronics companies interested in influencing pending copyright legislation. In addition, in 1989, Ron Brown, while serving as chairman of

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the Democratic National Committee, traveled to Tokyo on behalf of one of his firm's clients. In December 1992, in a Center for Public Integrity study entitled "The Torturers' Lobby: How Human Rights-Abusing Nations Are Represented In Washington," author Pamela Brogan revealed that one of the most repressive governments in the world today, Guatemala, paid Brown's firm—Patton, Boggs & Blow—$220,000 in 1991-92 at the same time hundreds of Guatemalans were being executed for political reasons.

Brown personally represented the notorious government of Haiti under "Baby Doc" Duvalier in the early 80's, at the same time he was Deputy Chairman of the Democratic Party. When questioned about this by Jack Anderson in 1989, Brown replied that he did not work for Duvalier, but for the *government* of Haiti. He made a similarly obnoxious assertion about the effects of his work, telling the Senate Commerce Committee in January 1993 that changes in Haiti's human rights record occurred *because* of his representation: "I wanted to do all I could to improve the lives of the people." It should be noted that this registered lobbyist was not nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize during the years poverty-stricken Haiti was paying an annual fee of $150,000 to Brown and his firm.

Many governments that regularly mutilate or murder their people receive American aid and other benefits, and they employ some of Washington's most-connected schmoozers to keep that taxpayer aid flowing. In 1991-92, the firm that took in the most "blood" money ($14 million) from human rights-abusing countries was Hill & Knowlton. The head of Hill & Knowlton's Washington office, Howard Paster, is now the Clinton administration's chief lobbyist on Capitol Hill. The firm's vice-chairman, Thomas Hoog—who was an unpaid campaign and transition advisor to Clinton—represented the People's Republic of China *after* the massacre at Tiananmen Square.

It would be difficult to overstate the pervasiveness today of former United States officials and campaign aides working for overseas governments and companies. The single most dramatic look at this phenomenon was published in the fall of 1990, in a book called *Agents of Influence* by economist and author Pat Choate. What was striking were the names and numbers, dollar amounts and anecdotes, revealing the extent of Japan's lobbying efforts. As Choate wrote in the September 1990 issue of *Harvard Business Review*, "Today Japan controls the most sophisticated and successful political-economic machine in the United States . . . more extensive and effective than either U.S. political party or any U.S. industry, union or special interest group."

Around this time, the Center for Public Integrity released "America's Frontline Trade Officials," a detailed look at the White House Office of the U.S. Trade Representative. The major finding: since 1974, 47 percent of all former senior White House trade officials have registered, or worked for firms that have registered, with the Justice Department as foreign agents representing foreign companies and foreign governments. What made this study unusual was, as Robert Kuttner wrote in the *American Prospect*, "the documentation of a pattern that pervades the entire agency . . . this revolving door is virtually the normal career pattern." The study prompted a General Accounting Office investigation, and in March 1992 the GAO released a report which found that from 1986 to 1991, 82 former American officials registered as foreign agents and represented foreign interests before the United States government.

Another outcome of "America's Frontline Trade Officials" was a Justice Department ruling that informed U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills that a federal criminal statute was being violated by some of the Bush administration's appointments to trade advisory committees. The study had revealed that several members of the USTR Advisory Committee system, with access to sensitive negotiating strategies and security clearances, were simultaneously registered as foreign agents at the Justice Department. For example, former State Department official Richard Fairbanks, who with his law firm received more than $300,000 from 1986 to early 1990 for representing the government of Iraq (even providing public relations advice after the Iraqi bombing of the *U.S.S. Stark*, in which 37 American servicemen were killed), was also found to be a member of the USTR Investment Policy Advisory Committee on Trade.

Former government officials working for overseas interests are not limited to USTR, of course, but permeate other trade-related agencies and departments as well, including Congress. Unfortunately, the pattern also pervades our presidential election process. In February 1992, the Center for Public Integrity published "Under the Influence: Presidential Candidates and Their Campaign Advisers." This was the first systematic look at unpaid policy advisors to the presidential candidates. The center found that, for example, the vice-chairman of the Bush-Quayle campaign, James Lake, was also a registered "foreign agent" on behalf of the owners of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI). Four presidential campaigns—those of Clinton, Harkin, Kerrey, and Bush—had 31 advisors who were personally registered as foreign agents or whose firms were registered as foreign agents.

In September 1992, the Center for Public Integrity published "Private Parties: Political Party Leadership in Washington's Mercenary Culture." Since 1977, *half* of all national party chairmen have received outside income—despite party rules stipulating that the chairman's position is "full-time." The Center also found that, since 1977, *half* the party chairmen have been registered with the Justice Department as foreign agents, either before or after their party tenures.

All of these numbers illustrate the systemic nature of this situation. It is wholly reasonable to wonder about the dynamic that fosters such a bizarre, bazaar-like atmosphere in which access and influence to power in Washington are so readily bought and sold. All of the well-paid participants in Washington's "inside-the-Beltway" culture—comprised of thousands of lawyer-lobbyists, public relations executives, trade associations, public affairs specialists, consultants, and others—interact every day with federal officials in every department and agency. Government employees, both political appointees and civil servants, certainly understand that there can be a lucrative, almost Lotto-like landing for them in "the private sector." Public service, but also the day-to-day activities of establishment Washington, have lost their altruistic polish and noble pretense and have instead become garish and commercial. How pervasive has the influence of money become? Can you imagine former Secretary of State Dean Acheson doing airline commercials—as former Secretary of State Alexander Haig and former House Speaker Tip O'Neill have done? Can you imagine former President Dwight Eisen-

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hower receiving $2 million from Fujisankei Communications for two 20-minute speeches in Tokyo—as former President Ronald Reagan did?

Americans today are victimized by a unique Washington political culture in which former high-level officials and presidential campaign advisors routinely manipulate and distort national decision-making to their own ends. There is a cushy life outside government the moment they leave. So many people in Washington these days have dollar signs in their eyes, the public is no longer certain that policies are based on the substance and the merit of what is truly in the broad public interest. And there is a legitimate concern that government executives are contemplating their "post-employment opportunities" as they decide and implement federal policies that bear directly on private interests.

What is most tiresome about the lobbying culture of Washington are the self-serving contortions its practitioners go through in describing their daily activities. Most lobbyists, of course, maintain that they do not really lobby—saying the "l" word publicly is a subtle indiscretion. Euphemisms such as "advise" or "consult" or "suggest," etc., are uttered instead.

With extensive cross-pollination between public and private sectors, a kind of group-think dynamic begins to evolve as an integral part of the political culture. Corporate government affairs "specialists" and company-retained attorneys or in-house counsels tell federal officials—on Capitol Hill and downtown in the various federal departments and agencies—what is in the public interest and how the "public" can be served, and somehow it usually sounds reasonable, because it is stated within the general framework and formula of what is acceptable. The language used is the *same* as the government's, the same syntax, the same endless acronyms, the same bureaucratic inanities. Most public officials by nature take the path of least resistance, and most are laboring under a formidable work load. In this context, then, the lobbyist is seen as a kind of masterful Mr. Goodwrench, who helps the wheels of Washington roll smoothly, easily.

Most of these private sector-public sector interactions are over the most arcane, esoteric clauses and regulations imaginable—the general public and the press are ignorant of and disinterested in such things. Indeed, reading the pages of a phone book would be easier and more interesting to them. Unfortunately, these obtuse matters often involve billions of dollars in tax breaks, subsidies, or contracts.

In the instances in which there is an actual heated controversy, often over a broad issue of public interest and huge stakes, the hired guns line up on both or on many sides of the issue. The result is either a "consensus" in which every interest has been mollified, or intractable gridlock, in which government seems to be at a standstill, rendered impotent and ineffectual.

And the game thus becomes, not the broad public interest, not what would be best for America—such notions are considered not only hopelessly trite but, worse, naive—but the process of government and of how to master and manipulate it, often via the news media. It is the "expert" who understands the issues and the process, who has institutional memory and a bulging Rolodex, who is most respected in Washington today and is quietly acknowledged by the players involved as responsible for "making things happen." He is not a public official, he has no political mandate, and, in fact, he is accountable to no one except his client.

Washington lobbyists are today what New York investment bankers were in the 1980's. With the biggest salaries going to agents working for overseas interests, foreign lobbying has become a profession young people now aspire to—a notion unheard of a few decades ago. Take the case of Steven Saunders, who quit government as an Assistant U.S. Trade Representative after a stint of only 18 months to begin his own "consulting" firm. Within nine months, Saunders and his firm were on retainer to the Japanese Embassy and four other foreign clients, receiving $240,000 in fees and expenses. College interns and law school students today come to Washington not to change the world, but to learn more about the exciting, extremely lucrative world of big-time schmoozing and deal-making. Meanwhile, as the National Commission on Public Service concluded, "Too many of our most talented public servants—those with the skills and dedication that are the hallmarks of an effective career service—are ready to leave. Too few of our brightest young people—those with the imagination and energy that are essential for the future—are willing to join." As management genius Peter Drucker observed in *The New Realities* (1989), "the locus of decision making in the political process is rapidly shifting from politicians and civil servants to lobbyists."

What is most tiresome about the lobbying culture of Washington are the self-serving contortions its practitioners go through in describing their daily activities. Most lobbyists, of course, maintain that they do not really lobby—saying the "l" word publicly is a subtle indiscretion. Euphemisms such as "advise" or "consult" or "suggest," etc., are uttered instead. When making boastful proposals to prospective clients, lobbyists promise everything but the keys to the Oval Office. When criticism (an occupational hazard but a relatively infrequent inconvenience) occasionally arises in the press over the heavy-handed, strong-arm tactics used by lobbyists, the "Who, me?" modesty act is strutted out—"All we do is provide information." Most facilitators seem by nature to be perpetually auditioning to star in *The Invisible Man* and to prefer that their handiwork go unnoticed and undetected.

A few years ago, a reporter wrote a story that included a sentence about former Carter White House advisor Stu Eizenstadt and the $200,000 fee he and his firm had received from Hitachi. After the piece came out, Eizenstadt was furious, and he called the reporter and complained. Are you saying, asked the reporter, that the information reported was incorrect or inaccurate? No, replied the agitated Eizenstadt. Why did the information have to be mentioned at all? You see, said Eizenstadt, "my mother saw it and she was upset."

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Many of the mercenary culture's best-known practitioners prefer anonymity as they profit in the afterglow of their public service. To their clients, and to their mothers, they are thought of in terms of their last-held government title.

Indeed, some of the most sought-after lawyer-lobbyists in Washington are former public officials with impressive-sounding titles. Ambassadors to small, insignificant Caribbean nations are referred to as "Ambassador" for the rest of their lives. But fancy permanent prefix or not, these facilitators-for-hire are undeniably important and extraordinarily effective, and they have distorted the traditional decision-making process as we may think we knew it. Their principal concern is not the national interest or the substantive merits of the various policy arguments, but the maximization of their client's position, at all costs. In articulating their clients' positions and in trying to make them as plausible as possible, truths become ever so subtly shaded.

The great bugle that calls Washington to attention today is money. Groups without money—including small- and medium-sized American companies amidst the recession—in the cacophony of disparate Washington noises, are relatively silent. An interest may have a single "representative" carrying its water, or five, or 50. Sometimes, it is like a tug of war, with 100 muscle-bound strongmen on one end and a few small children at the other. Not surprisingly, it is usually the well-heeled interests that thrive and triumph in Washington, with little correlation to the inherent quality, credibility, and merit of the ideas involved.

It is in this perverse milieu of the highest bidders that the most disconcerting transactions occur. The overriding ethic in the world's most lawyer-infested city on earth is that all interests deserve to be represented, and therein lies the principal justification and rationale for all facilitators in Washington. It is how a former Justice Department attorney, Michael Abbell, who helped lead the United States to extradite drug lords overseas, would explain his latter-day representation of the Medellin cocaine cartel and, from 1986 to 1990, of the government of Iraq; it is how a dozen unpaid campaign advisors to George Bush would have explained their lobbying efforts on behalf of foreign governments and corporations in the 1988 campaign—if anyone had really asked.

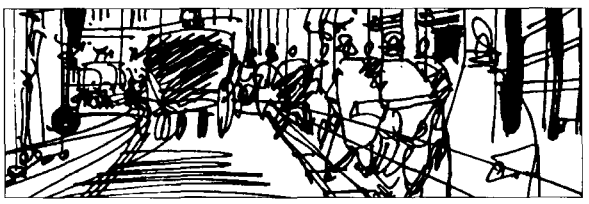
In such a marketplace of Washington insiderism, the bigger the "name" the higher the fee one can command—it all comes down to the perceived degree of "access" and "influence" that a former official has with current Washington functionaries. Who and what the client does is largely irrelevant—as long as he keeps paying, of course.

And so the public is faced with the grotesque spectacle of its most respected former officials becoming mere fixers for a fee. In recent years, we have seen former Reagan campaign manager John Sears, former U.N. Ambassador Donald McHenry, and former Democratic Senator Birch Bayh work for South Africa, South African interests, or American companies doing business in South Africa. We have seen the only man in American history to hold four different Cabinet positions, Elliot Richardson, go on to represent the Marxist government of Angola, the Hitachi Foundation, and the Association for International Investment. We have seen four former White House-level officials—Robert Strauss, Howard Baker, Jody Powell, and Anne Wexler—team up to help Japan's largest electronics company, Matsushita, purchase MCA, the American entertainment giant, for $7.5 billion. MCA is the parent of Universal Studios, makers of such mega-hit modern Americana movies as *E.T.* and *Jaws*. By mollifying the unions, keeping the wheeling and dealing out of the press, and finally announcing the outcome as a fait accompli when Congress was out of session, four Washington insiders helped foreign investors buy the fourth of Hollywood's seven major studios. This kind of clout doesn't come cheaply. Strauss told the *Washington Post* that he doesn't do windows or charge by the hour anymore—his firm received $8 million for this job alone.

The most elaborate single-issue lobbying by a foreign country in Washington this year surrounds Mexico's efforts to influence Congress to pass the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Millions of dollars are being spent and a large number of former trade officials are being paid by Mexican interests to promote NAFTA. The dimension of this effort appears to be unprecedented, exceeding even the 1987 efforts by Japanese interests in the wake of the Toshiba affair.

Regardless of what one thinks of the notion of a regional trade compact, the specter of the decision-making process being possibly distorted by money and "hired-gun" former government officials is truly disturbing. Not only does this kind of thing diminish public service and erode trust in government and its leaders, there are more serious implications. There is an undeniable, dreadful feeling that no one is minding the store these days, that America's elder statesmen are either dead or dialing for dollars, and that government is no longer the protector and guarantor of the public interest. c

LIBERAL ARTS



TRUTH OR TEXTBOOKS

Five American textbook publishers have, according to two Longview, Texas, educational research analysts, "flunked yet another test of simple factual accuracy." After Texas had given Scott, Glencoe, Houghton, Holt, and Prentice five chances to catch factual errors in the ten United States history books they submitted for 1991 state adoption, Mel and Norma Gabler identified another 582 uncorrected errors in their texts last fall. The five publishers had already made over 7,000 changes (including corrections of errors previously caught by the Gablers) and paid a fine of $1.5 million to the state for their inaccuracies. Yet in response to the Gablers' argument that such erroneous statements in the books as "July 1974—House votes to impeach Nixon" (the House did not impeach Nixon, but rather its Judiciary Committee voted to recommend articles of impeachment to the full House) are simply unacceptable, the Association of American Publishers released a lengthy report that reasoned: "No text can be completely without errors. And technical perfection, even if attainable, is not a sound goal in textbooks. . . ."

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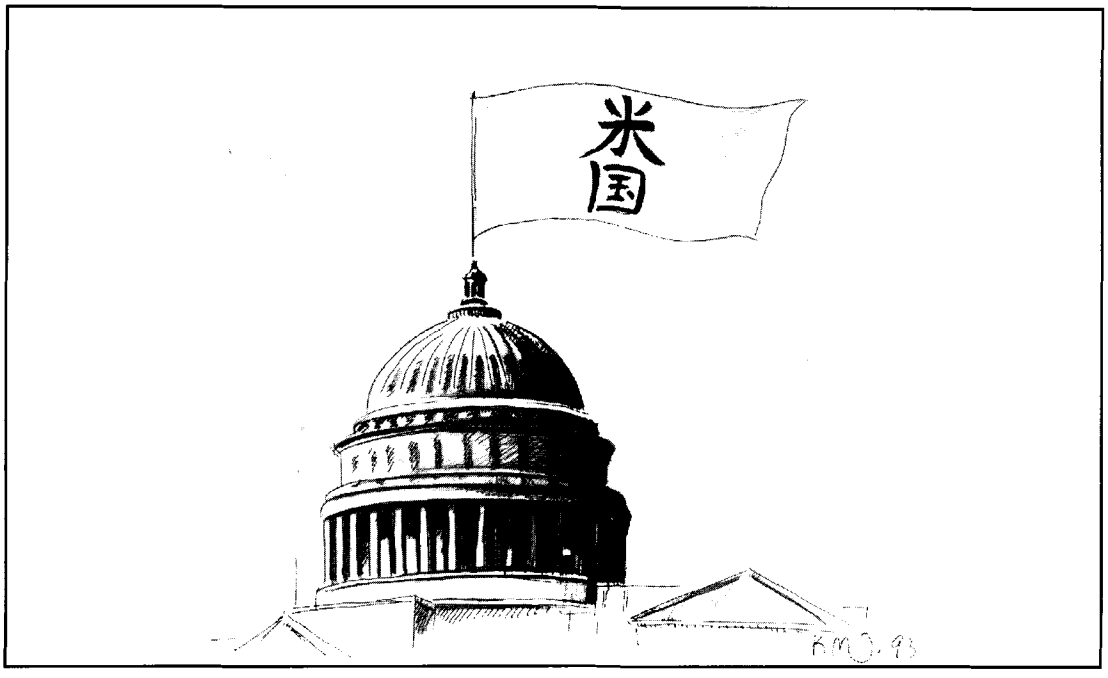
Puppets for Nippon

by Pat Choate



Krystyna Jachniewicz

The *Japan Economic Journal* reported in 1980 that "influence in Washington is just like in Indonesia. It's for sale." It still is. Today, more than 100 foreign governments and hundreds of foreign corporations are running on-going political campaigns in the United States, as though they were a third major political party.

Mexico, for instance, is spending more than $50 million in 1993 to hire dozens of Washington, D.C., lobbyists, super-lawyers, former trade officials, political advisors, and public relations specialists to secure passage of the North American Free Trade Agreement. Japan is spending more than $400 million annually to operate a grass-roots political machine across America whose principal goal is to keep U.S. markets open to Japanese imports and investments even as Japan remains closed to U.S. investors and exports. Foreign corporations and governments now finance most of the work of those U.S. think-tanks and universities that supply ideas to America's opinion-elite and politicians. And corporations from dozens of countries are contributing monies to both the Democratic and Republican parties and to hundreds of political candidates, just as though they were American voters.

The goal of these foreign political campaigns is simple—shape the outcome of decisions that directly affect their political and economic interests, decisions in which every day hundreds of millions of dollars—and cumulatively billions of dollars—are on the line. By using their intelligence networks to monitor discussions before decisions have been made, their well-connected Washington insiders to lobby the U.S. government, their public relations flacks to shape journalists' coverage of issues important to them, and by financing the work of opinion leaders in American think-tanks and universities, these foreign interests are able to shape how Washington, D.C., thinks and acts.

Foreign interference in America's domestic affairs is nothing new. Ever since the arrival of Citizen Genêt in 1793, foreign interests have regularly sought to influence politics and public opinion in the United States. The Greek lobby, for instance, has been able to sway U.S. relations with Turkey, Greece's neighbor and rival. For many years, Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese lobby dominated American thinking on China. The Israeli lobby has a powerful voice in America's Middle East policymaking. The Irish lobby has long influenced American policies on Northern Ireland.

What is different today is the scope, nature, and goal of this foreign politicking and propagandizing. Its goal is to buy economic advantage—to win in the back halls of government instead of in the open marketplace. And of all nations, Japan understands best that political power in America is a commodity like all others that can be acquired by the highest bidder. Of all nations, Japan has been willing to pay the most to shape America's attitudes and actions. Of all nations, Japan wields the most striking power over America's economic and trade policies. And of all nations, Japan succeeds best at using its political strength in America to gain economic advantage for itself.

Over the past two decades, Japan has constructed an Amer-

Pat Choate is author of Agents of Influence *(1990) and "Japan's Campaign for America" (Harvard Business Review), from which this article is adapted. He is director of the Washington, D.C.-based Manufacturing Policy Project. His other books include* Being Number One *(1980),* America in Ruins *(1981), and* The High-Flex Society *(1986).*

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ican political machine that stretches from coast to coast. Its foundations rest on political and economic espionage and intelligence gathering, diplomacy, lobbying, politicking, and propagandizing—each carefully crafted and systematically integrated with the others. Following Japan's successful example, the Koreans, the Mexicans, the Taiwanese, the Germans, the French, the British, and dozens of other countries are expanding their political machines in America. To understand the goals and operations of the Japan lobby, therefore, provides an insight into how foreign interests around the world buy political influence in America.

Among the victories racked up by the Japanese lobby in recent years—machine tools, optical fibers, biotechnology, air transport, semiconductors, financial services—one recent example illustrates its scope and power. In the spring of 1991, Chrysler, Ford, and General Motors concluded that Japanese automakers were dumping cars and minivans in the American market—an unfair competitive practice that is prohibited under international trade agreements and both American and Japanese law. Despite the law and trade agreements, however, Japan repeatedly used dumping to gain a strategic advantage over its American competitors. The way the ploy works once an industry is targeted is that the Japanese market is closed to foreign producers, the prices paid by Japanese consumers are kept artificially high, and the monopoly profits from the Japanese market are used to subsidize the predatory pricing of Japanese goods in the United States market until the American producers are driven out of business. This scheme has been used by Japanese producers to destroy their American competitors in the television, radio, stereo, machine tool, and semiconductor industries among dozens of others.

In regard to Japan's dumping of cars and minivans in America—selling its vehicles at far below the price that similar goods were bringing on the domestic Japanese market—the price differential was so great that some West Coast autobrokers were able to buy Lexus automobiles at full retail price in California and ship them back to Japan and make profits of $15,000 or more per vehicle. Clearly, the Japanese automakers were buying market share in the upscale American luxury car market. But the dumping was not limited to luxury vehicles. The Big Three concluded it was happening across all product lines, giving Japanese producers a distinct unfair and illegal advantage.

As a consequence of this predatory pricing, Japanese automakers had cut into the American automakers' market share, cut their production volumes, eliminated their profits, forced them to close dozens of plants and fire tens of thousands of workers, and significantly reduced their capacity to raise capital. When in early 1993 Chinese steelmakers tried to buy market share in the Japanese market through dumping, the government of Japan immediately imposed duties on these imports. Under U.S. law, American automakers could avail themselves of a similar remedy.

In 1991, the Big Three decided to exercise their legal rights, but they chose to proceed on a step-by-step basis. Their strategy was to do a test case on just one product line, get a win, and then file a broad-based dumping petition covering all passenger vehicles imported from Japan. The test case that they selected was Japanese dumping of minivans. Minivans were one of the domestic automakers' few profitable lines. They had been invented by Chrysler in the early 1980's and were wildly popular with consumers.

In 1991, the Big Three filed a dumping petition on minivans with the U.S. Commerce Department. In 1992, the Commerce Department ruled that the Japanese manufacturers were indeed dumping minivans. But before duties could be imposed, another step had to be taken—the International Trade Commission (ITC) had to make a determination that this dumping was actually damaging the American industry.

While the case was under consideration, the Japanese automakers mounted a public relations campaign to convince lawmakers, the media, and ultimately the ITC that there was no dumping and that, even if there was, the imposition of remedial duties would harm American consumers. The idea was to avoid having to pay duties. It worked. In a surprise ruling, the ITC concluded that the Japanese dumping did not threaten the domestic minivan industry and that no duties should be imposed. The quirky nature of the ITC finding was highlighted by the fact that the Big Three were suffering historic operating losses, which threatened their very existence. Thus, any loss of sales in one of their few profitable lines could only worsen the condition of the Big Three and ultimately their capacity to produce minivans.

Despite the ITC ruling, the Big Three decided to file a broad-based dumping case against the Japanese automakers. It would include all imported sedans, station wagons, hatchbacks, and sports cars. But in January 1993, two weeks before the petition was to be filed, a Commerce official leaked the story to the press.

Almost immediately, the Japanese lobby sprang into action. Its political advisors quickly devised a multifaceted political and public relations campaign to shape the debate and preempt the Big Three. A key element of this strategy was to shift the focus of discussion from "Japanese dumping" to "an added cost for American drivers"—that is, the message the Japanese wanted to convey was that any action to stop their dumping would raise the cost of Japanese vehicles. Second, the Japanese lobby pulled out all stops to demonstrate to the Clinton administration that the dumping battle would be messy. The idea was to get the new administration to discourage the Big Three from exercising their legal rights. As part of this intimidation campaign, the Japanese lobby planted a story in the Detroit newspapers that 17 foreign carmakers had agreed to hire lawyers to file antitrust suits against the American automakers and pursue libel suits against those who denigrated Japanese vehicles. By any measure, this was very hard, hard ball.

At the same time, the Japanese lobby quickly formed a coalition of interests within the United States. They included import auto dealers, American parts makers who sold to the Japanese transplants, local chambers of commerce. For their part, American auto dealers who owned Japanese car franchises launched a nationwide grass-roots political campaign. Working through their trade association, the American International Auto Dealers Association, the import dealers were given training in effective techniques to lobby Congress.

Simultaneously, Japan's Washington lobbyists began to contact members of Congress and the press. Each of them delivered a series of messages that had been tested and prepackaged by public relations firms employed by Japanese automakers and the government of Japan. These messages included "Competition from import manufacturers has forced America to be more competitive. . . . Enforcement on the

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dumping statutes was protectionist. . . . Clinton will stumble again. . . . Drop Detroit's tariff. . . . Your car price will increase by 20 percent. . . . One more Detroit bail out. . . . Past tariffs have only hurt the American people. . . ." Friendly journalists and editorial writers quickly echoed these messages. Again, the idea was to intimidate the Big Three with negative publicity into not pursuing their legal rights.

In Washington, D.C., access and influence go hand-in-hand; they are the stock and trade of the lobbyist, the lawyer, and the political advisor. They are, as well, the biggest "skill" current officeholders and staff members can take with them when they leave the government.

Finally, representatives of the Japanese Embassy quietly contacted newly appointed officials in the Clinton administration and suggested that the dumping case would harm relations with Japan. The not-so-subtle message was that the government should urge the domestic automakers to drop their case. In a February 1993 off-the-record session, newly appointed U.S. Trade Representative (USTR) Mickey Kantor told trade reporters that the new administration might oppose the dumping petition. After the *Los Angeles Times* printed a story about Kantor's comments, a spokesperson for the USTR denied them.

In the face of possible political opposition from the new administration and adverse publicity generated by Japan's lobbyists, public relations specialists, and grass-roots organizations, the Big Three announced that they had decided to "postpone" their case. In the end, Japan's investment in lobbyists, public relations advisors, and political consultants allowed it to preempt the Big Three's case. And in the process, the Japanese automakers avoided having their competitive practices examined—without making a single concession or agreeing to a single demand. This is what political power is all about.

Foreign politicking and propagandizing in America raise important questions about how the United States wishes to conduct its democratic practices. The importance of these questions is reflected in the fact that Japan's government and leading companies together spend $500 million annually running an ongoing political campaign in the United States. This figure represents an amount roughly double the annual expenditures of both the Republican and Democratic parties. Put another way, Japan spends more on its thousand-person lobby in Washington, D.C., than the five most influential American business organizations—the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Business Roundtable, the Committee for Economic Development, and the American Business Council—combined. In fact, Japan spends more in America on lobbying, politicking, and propagandizing than the 12 nations of the European Community combined. The people whom it hires as its representatives, lobbyists, and spokespersons come from the highest levels of American public life—the best and the brightest policymakers, political strategists, legal experts, and elected and appointed officials.

Like any high-quality political campaign, the Japanese program in the United States depends on a tested formula for its success: keep your message simple, use a variety of credible messengers, and let the echo-effect drown out your opponents. The basic components of their ongoing campaign are: intelligence gathering, lobbying, politicking at the grass-roots level, and propaganda. The campaign, of course, is completely legal. It also deeply corrodes the integrity of the economic and political system of the United States.

In politics, as in manufactured products, the Japanese follow a simple and predictable strategy: protect your domestic market from foreign penetration and capture as much of your competitor's market share as possible. In Japan, it is unthinkable that a top government official would become a top lobbyist for an American corporation, that a candidate for high office would accept a campaign contribution from a foreign corporation, that a foreign government would stage-manage a grass-roots political campaign among its people, or that foreign companies or governments would establish think-tanks to feed ideas into its government. In all these ways, Japan is a closed political market.

Yet in all these ways, Japan is gaining political market share in the United States, spending hundreds of millions of dollars for competitive advantage. To the Japanese, politics is another legitimate business expense. Moreover, they are prepared to spend whatever it takes on politics to secure their economic goals—recognizing that $500 million per year is a bargain if it safeguards a $50 billion-per-year bilateral trade surplus.

Japan's political machine in the United States is designed to serve six national and corporate goals: to keep the American market open for exports from Japan; to smooth the way for additional purchases of key assets in the United States; to blunt criticism of Japan's adversarial trade practices; to neutralize or, even better, to capture the political influence of the American companies that compete with Japan; to influence U.S. trade policies toward Japan, Europe, and all other markets where Japan has significant economic interests; and to create an integrated American-Japanese economy that prevents the United States from confronting Japan economically and politically.

The Japanese political strategy in the United States replicates the political mind-set in Japan in some fundamental respects. In Japan, money politics is an established fact. A gold triangle, consisting of the Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), elite bureaucrats in government ministries, and established corporate leaders from business dominates Japan's domestic political machinery in a way designed to serve the country's economic interests. In Japanese politics, moreover, the line between gifts and bribes is hard to discern. As dozens of recent scandals in Japan have revealed, leading Japanese politicians take millions of dollars from companies that want special favors. Invariably, the politicians are never prosecuted and the money is seen as political contributions. The Japanese call this approach to politics "structural corruption." It is the same approach to politics that the Japanese are now vigorously practicing in the United States—with the active par-

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ticipation and eager complicity of American lobbyists, powerbrokers, and government officials.

Greed and self-interest in Washington, D.C., after all, are what make this structural corruption possible, the "revolving door" of government at the highest levels that confuses "public service" with "personal advancement" and mistakes "legal" for "ethical." For many, a top job in the Cabinet is merely a sabbatical from a more permanent career as a registered agent lobbying for a foreign corporation. For example, between 1973 and 1992, one-half of the principle trade officials of the USTR left to become registered foreign agents; most did work for Japan. During the 1992 presidential election, the Clinton, Harkin, Kerrey, and Bush campaigns had 31 active foreign lobbyists in key political positions. Also, since the late 1970's, half of the Republican and Democratic party chairmen have worked as lobbyists for both domestic and foreign interests either while in office or immediately after.

In October 1992, while the Washington, D.C., political community speculated over whom Bill Clinton would name to his Cabinet if he were elected President, officials of the Japanese government quietly circulated among themselves a list of the top three candidates for key White House and Cabinet posts. In retrospect, the Japanese list was almost completely accurate. The only big misses were who would be named to head the Justice Department.

The Japanese information was accurate because, according to Peter Schweizer, author of *Friendly Spies*, the Japanese devote more than 80 percent of their worldwide intelligence budget to economic and political espionage in the United States. As a result, Japan boasts the best political and economic intelligence system in the United States of any nation.

Indeed, one of the most important functions of the lobbyists and public relations firms hired by the Japanese is to keep a steady flow of current information streaming back to Tokyo. According to Herbert E. Meyer, vice-chairman of the National Intelligence Council during the Reagan administration, "Every branch office of every trading company operates like an information vacuum cleaner, sucking in information." Normally, the Japanese will assign three or more companies to the task of analyzing the same problem or issue. The redundancy allows them to discern the difference between *tatemae*—the official story—and *honne*—the real truth. It also guarantees that they will know more than any individual lobbyist and permits them to tailor their response to the political circumstances, utilizing the firm or individual whose background, skills, or personal relationship best fits the needs of the situation.

Because Japanese businesses hire so many senior insiders and coordinate their collection of information so effectively, the Japanese actually have a better overview of what is happening in the federal government than all but a handful of those who serve in the administration. And by having more and better information on the inside workings of our government, the Japanese are able to affect a decision before most people even know that there is a decision to be made.

To put the intelligence they gather to good use, Japanese companies excel at the next phase of politics, gaining access to the policymakers. In Washington, D.C., access and influence go hand-in-hand; they are the stock and trade of the lobbyist, the lawyer, and the political advisor. They are, as well, the biggest "skill" current officeholders and staff members can take with them when they leave the government.

Consider a recent case involving the 1990 U.S.-Japan Super 301 talks on bilateral trade in high technology. During the negotiations, Fujitsu Ltd., one of Japan's largest electronics companies, hired David Olive, one of the State Department's principal experts on the substance of the talks, to be a senior representative in its Washington, D.C., office. Olive had helped draft State Department position papers, attended interagency meetings, had access to confidential information shared by American companies, and knew the U.S. negotiating strategy for such critical high-technology industries as semiconductors, telecommunications, and supercomputers. The U.S. State Department defended Olive's job change as "in accord with applicable U.S. laws and regulations." Nevertheless, whether intended or not, the Japanese gained two important advantages over their American rivals by this one move: they secured the services of an individual with a finely honed sense of political possibilities, and they sowed distrust among American companies about whether to share information with their own government.

The easiest way for Japanese and other foreign interests to gain access and establish influence is simply to pay for it. Generally, an insider is hired as a lobbyist "consultant" or "member of an advisory board" of an agency or company. As the economic stakes have grown, the Japanese have added yet another lure to attract United States government officials—an equity position in a business deal, with the prospect of substantial and ongoing returns. The transaction is a simple equation: equity for influence.

The sums of money from Japan are so large and the absence of ideals in Washington, D.C., so complete that a substantial number of American public officials are dramatically altering their career paths in the federal government—as well as their decisions while in office. The influence of Japanese money is so pervasive that there is even a name for it, "the demonstration effect." The huge sums of money made available to Japan's friends once they leave office "demonstrate" the value of a friendly Japanese policy to officials still in office. Dozens of former government officials now make $200,000 per year or more working for the Japanese lobby. There is a strong lure for those still in office.

Funneling money to politicians after they leave office works at one end of the political value-added chain. An even more important activity is to funnel money to them at the front end—to help them get elected in the first place. While American election law prohibits a foreign national from making a direct or indirect contribution in any local, state, or federal election, foreign-owned companies in the United States are allowed to operate political action committees (PACs) and to make political contributions as if they were American corporations. In the 1990's, more than 120 foreign companies—primarily from Europe and Canada—used this legal loophole to play a direct and influential role in American politics. The Japanese use a more subtle technique; they encourage Americans with whom they have important business links to make political contributions to pursue their shared political interests.

Another technique employed by Japanese and other foreign interests is the use of an existing organization or the creation of an ad hoc coalition—an association of U.S. members that allows foreign interests to put an American face on their politicking. One example of this approach is a Wash-

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ington, D.C.-based public interest group, Consumers for World Trade (CWT). Since the early 1980's, CWT has been one of Washington, D.C.'s most avid advocates of unrestricted free trade; its arguments focus on the benefits free trade affords the American consumer. The organization has steadfastly opposed any reciprocal trade law that would threaten Japan with restrictions on access to the U.S. market as a way to pry open the Japanese market. In 1987, CWT organized a grass-roots campaign against what are labeled the "protectionist" features of the pending Omnibus Trade Act of 1988; CWT testified in front of congressional committees six times, each time arguing the case for American consumers and against tough trade sanctions aimed at closed foreign markets, most notably of Japan.

Starting in 1980, the Japanese have taken a deep interest in CWT. Subaru, for example, paid the initial dues for 1,500 of its employees to become members; in November of 1980, Subaru employees represented more than half of CWT's 2,700 members. Toyota and other Japanese companies made direct corporate contributions. By staying in the background, they did not jeopardize the American face of CWT.

But the most effective lobbying technique reflects the current tangle of global politics and economics. It is the high art of creating a captive competitor. The Toshiba story illustrates how it works. In 1987, the Toshiba Machine Company, which is half-owned by the Toshiba Corporation, was found to have sold sensitive technology to the Soviet Union—technology that would allow Soviet submarines to escape detection by the United States Navy. Congressional reaction was swift and fierce: in June 1987, the Senate voted 92 to 5 to impose sanctions on Toshiba and the House was prepared to ban the sale of all Toshiba components in the United States for two years.

The principal way the Japanese lobby beat these sanctions was to get American companies that were dependent on Toshiba for products or sales to lobby on its behalf. Thus, dozens of U.S. companies used their Washington lobbyists on behalf of Toshiba—because they, like so many American high-tech companies, simply could not do business without Toshiba's components. In a textbook example of "leverage lobbying," Toshiba, the Japanese supplier, used the leverage of its strategic components to get its American customers to lobby Congress on its behalf. The American companies had become Toshiba's captive competitors.

According to former House Speaker Tip O'Neill, all politics is local. It is a principle that the Japanese have been quick to grasp, building an extensive coast-to-coast network of politics at the grass-roots level across America. And it is a principle best put into practice by the Electronic Industries Association of Japan (EIAJ) and Sony's Akio Morita.

In a June 1985 presentation to the EIAJ, which is made up of Japan's 600 largest electronics companies, Morita explained that American criticism of Japan "is not due to a misunderstanding of and prejudice against Japan, but rather to certain political intentions." In response, Morita said, Japan needed to mount a grass-roots political campaign in the United States, a campaign that "should not stop with PR within the electronics industry, but . . . should expand PR activities to the mass media, consumer groups, and political groups on the state level."

Going further, Morita next laid out an extensive list of political activities for the EIAJ. The program would consist of: managing debates and seminars at the state and local levels; staging local events with Japanese plants and factories; publishing local newsletters and magazines; creating exchange programs with state universities and think-tanks; establishing links with state economic development offices, local chambers of commerce, and the local offices of federal elected officials; organizing exchanges with consumer groups at the local level; and operating student exchanges. To weld the campaign into a coherent whole, Morita proposed a unified message that would be repeated in every locality: Japanese investment creates jobs; Japanese companies rebuild America's depressed communities; Japanese companies satisfy American consumers; the Japanese and American economies are intertwined.

In 1988, the Keidanren—Japan's big-business lobby—with Morita again in the lead, formed the Council for Better Investment in the United States, later renamed the Council for Better Corporate Citizenship in the United States, an organization with the avowed purpose of helping Japanese companies become fully integrated "into American society." The nationwide effort aims to win public favor and goodwill through a massive program of charitable donations and highly visible public relations activities. What makes the donations troubling, however, is the fact that Japanese companies have no tradition of charitable giving, either at home or abroad. They generally combine charity and political contributions into one accounting line on the balance sheet. Now the Japanese government is pressuring them to make large, public contributions to defuse the mounting hostility in the United States toward Japan's predatory practices and growing trade surplus.

The mission of Japanese propaganda is simple: to persuade Americans to adopt favorable views toward Japan. Through propaganda and the endless repetition of its messages, the Japanese have successfully stifled criticism of their own nationalistic approach to economics and shaped the prevailing view of Japan and global economics.

Japanese propaganda is effective primarily because it is delivered by highly credible spokespersons—most of them Americans. Some are long-standing experts on Japan, dubbed the Chrysanthemum Club by their critics; others are academics, members of think-tanks, and journalists, often with a free-trade ideological bent. While most of them hold their views honestly, almost all are stroked, supported, and promoted by the Japanese, who recognize the enormous value of having earnest American defenders who will make Japan's case.

Also in the foreign policy category of Chrysanthemum Club members are entrenched Defense Department officials, unreconstructed Cold War warriors who give little weight to geoeconomics and continue to place enormous emphasis on the importance of maintaining American military bases in Japan. To them, national security is defined only in military terms; economic friction should not be permitted to jeopardize the geopolitics of the American-Japanese relationship. Other members of the club are free-trade ideologues and American corporate leaders who do not want to see criticism of Japan change the existing rules of commerce between the two nations.

A second major instrument for Japanese propaganda dissemination is American universities and think-tanks, a majority of which depend on significant Japanese funding and

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Japanese access to operate their Japanese Studies programs. In turn, the Japanese recognize that these institutions craft many of the ideas and conduct many of the studies that shape American opinion on trade and economic policy. Almost without exception, Japanese contributions support the work of those who advocate neoclassical laissez-faire trade policies. These views are genuinely held; the Americans who argue for this approach would make the same argument with or without Japanese financial assistance. What the Japanese hope to accomplish through their support of these people's work is to amplify it, sustain it, and give it added influence in the highly competitive marketplace of ideas. Moreover, since ties to and support from Japan are often obscured or left unreported, the question of objectivity goes unasked.

American academics typically line up on every side of every issue. But in the case of American relations with Japan, more than simple intellectual disagreement has come into play. The Japanese exercise extraordinarily tight control over access to information within Japan. In more than one case, American scholars, academics, and students who have been critical of Japan have found their research efforts jeopardized or hindered. Conversely, friends of Japan can find most obstacles swiftly removed. Another consideration is money. It takes a great deal of money to run a major Japanese Studies program—and the Japanese only contribute substantial sums to those whose academic research supports their interests and substantiates their propaganda.

The third channel for carrying Japanese propaganda is the American media, which Japan affects in two ways: financing programs that are presented over the airwaves and influencing the content of journalists' reporting on Japan. Since the early 1980's, Telejapan and the Japan Center for Information and Cultural Affairs (JCICA) have sponsored television and radio programs in the United States, producing shows for the Christian Broadcasting Network, the USA Cable Network, the Cable News Network, and public television stations. Both Telejapan and JCICA are directly linked to the Japanese government. Telejapan is affiliated with the Ministry of International Trade and Industry. JCICA works with the Foreign Ministry, which has had to approve the release of funds for at least one of its television projects.

Again, foreign politicking and propagandizing in the United States are completely legal. But they obviously are also deeply corrosive of America's political and economic system. The revolving door in Washington, D.C., breeds cynicism and mistrust and ultimately represents a form of political corruption—completely legal, but also completely unethical. It cheapens our national honor. It destroys the integrity of our politics and government. The problem, of course, is not in foreign capitals, but in Washington, D.C.

Clearly, the revolving door must stop. Those who hold top federal positions, such as the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, the U.S. Trade Representative, and the Secretary of State, should be permanently prohibited from becoming foreign agents or paid lobbyists for any corporation—foreign or domestic. And those who do lobby should be required to reveal for whom they work and to whom they make gifts and monies available. Thus all lobbyists—those who represent domestic or foreign clients, whether as lobbyists, journalists, academics, public relations advisors, political strategists, lawyers, or foundations—should provide full disclosure to the Justice Department. No exceptions. Foreign companies should be flatly prohibited from participating in and contributing to American elections. America's existing money politics is bad enough; foreign money politics is out of the question.

Ultimately it is up to the American people to demand a higher standard of conduct from their elected and appointed representatives. The manipulation of our political and economic system by foreign interests threatens our national sovereignty. Only we can stop it.

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LIBERAL ARTS

REGARDING PRESIDENT CLINTON'S ECONOMIC PLAN . . .

"Every man cannot have a ship of his own, nor every man be a merchant without a stock, and these things, you know well, must needs be had; every man cannot have a plough by himself. And who might live by the tailor's craft, if no man were able to put a gown to make? Who by the masonry or who could live a carpenter if no man were able to build neither a church nor house? Who should be makers of any manner cloth, if there lacked men of substance to set sundry sorts a work? Some man that hath but two ducats in his house were far better forbear them both and leave himself not a farthing but utterly lose all his own, than that some rich man, by whom he is weekly set to work, should of his money lose the one half, for then were himself like to lack work. For surely the rich man's substance is the wellspring of the poor man's living. And therefore here would it fare by the poor man as it fared by the woman in one of Aesop's fables, which had an hen that laid her every day a golden egg, till on a day she thought she would have a great many eggs at once and therefore she killed her hen, and found but one or twain in her belly, so that for covetise of those few, she lost many."

—*Thomas More*

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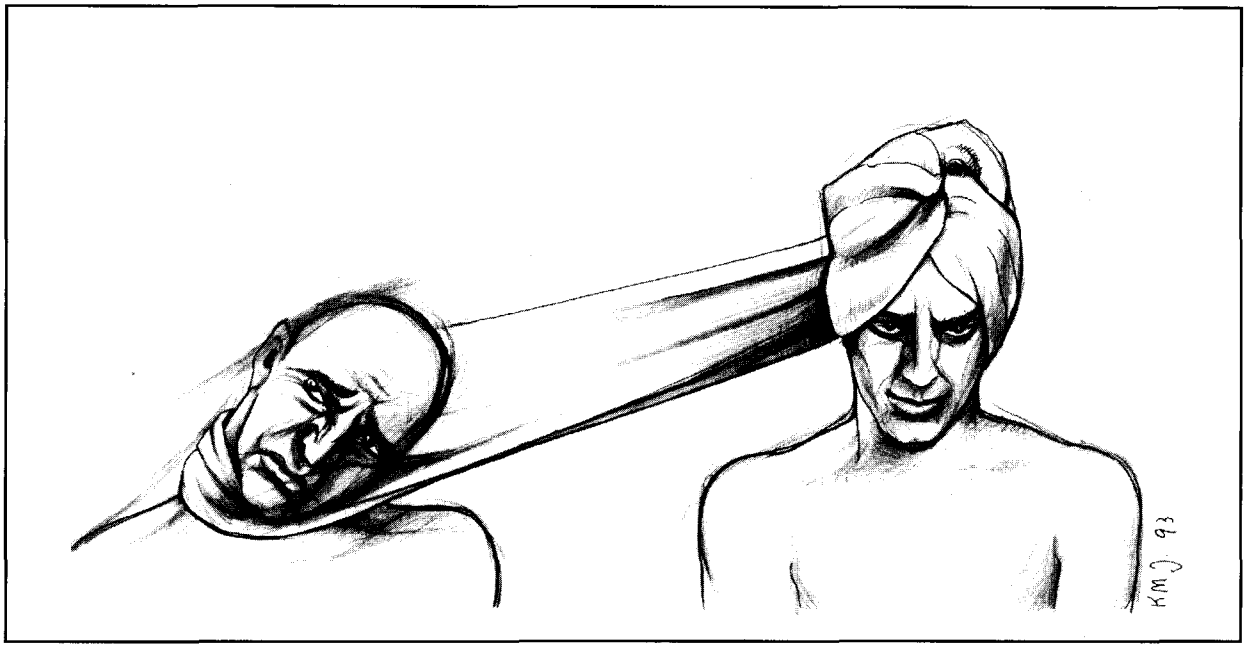
The Middle East Connection

by Arthur E. Rowse



Krystyna Jachniewicz

Pat Buchanan set off political sparks during the 1992 primaries with his charge that President Bush was allowing foreign agents to run his reelection campaign. Ross Perot later fanned the sparks into a prairie fire with accusations that former government officials earn $25,000 and $30,000 a month representing foreign interests. Bill Clinton joined in with a campaign blast at "high-priced lobbyists and Washington influence peddlers."

Rarely had this inside-the-beltway issue drawn such a stir in a presidential campaign. But it did not take long for the flames of revulsion to flicker and fade. The main targets of criticism, Charles Black and James Lake, remained as officials in Bush's campaign. Clinton's staff also included Americans who had lobbied for foreign interests, and he named a few to high positions in his administration even while issuing orders to tighten control over foreign lobbying.

In reality, no President or Congress has been able to avoid working with lobbyists if only because of their knowledge of government and their ability to get things done in Washington. Indeed, lobbying is an entirely legitimate form of free speech in a democracy. "The real issue," says Pat Choate in his book *Agents of Influence*, "is whether the manipulation of America's political and economic system by . . . foreign interests has reached the point that it threatens our national sovereignty and our future." He might have added world peace.

Arthur E. Rowse, a freelance writer in Washington, D.C., was formerly with the Washington Post *and* U.S. News & World Report. *An article of his on political campaign contributions (*The Progressive, *May 1992) was selected as one of "the most censored stories of 1992" and will be published by Shelburne Press in a book entitled* Censored.

Many of those who represent foreign firms and governments make an effort to comply with the Foreign Agents Registration Act requiring disclosure of certain information. But the law is weak and "ignored every day of the week," according to Jack O'Dwyer, publisher of a newsletter on foreign lobbying. As a result, it is impossible for anyone to get a clear picture of the impact of such influence on American government and public opinion.

Not all foreign representatives pose the threat cited by Choate. Most are concerned only with such matters as seeking financial aid and improving a country's trade or public image in the United States. But others go far beyond this point, working largely in secret to alter public opinion and government policy on matters as vital as war and peace. Take the Persian Gulf crisis, for example. In the five months between Iraq's invasion of Kuwait and the first bombing runs, few Americans were aware of all the foreign interests in Washington trying to get American troops into battle without waiting to see if trade sanctions would work. One of the most influential forces was Hill & Knowlton, the nation's largest public relations firm. Another was a mysterious organization dedicated to promoting Israeli interests known as the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC). Though neither calls itself a foreign lobby, both use large sums of money to influence public officials on behalf of other countries, the essence of foreign lobbying. And they both have enjoyed considerable success, largely beyond sight of the news media. In fact, it was not until long after the Persian Gulf War began that some of the secret manipulations leading up to it became visible.

In the case of Hill & Knowlton, the p.r. campaign it conducted for the Kuwaitis—in the name of a front group called "Citizens for a Free Kuwait"—turned out to be one of the

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most effective ever. It was also one of the most lucrative, yielding over $11 million for only 20 weeks of work ending when the war started in January 1991. But to the Kuwaitis, the price represented only one ten-thousandth of their royal family's holdings outside Kuwait during the war, surely a bargain for getting their oil patch back.

In seeking to get the United States into war, the firm left no lever of influence untouched. It even had a man at the White House, an old pal and former staff chief of Mr. Bush, Craig Fuller. While serving as the firm's president and chief operating officer, he was frequently observed by reporters at the White House during the Gulf crisis. Precisely what he accomplished is not known. But at least one unusual event had his fingerprints all over it.

It was a special meeting of the United Nations Security Council just two days before its vote to set January 15, 1991, as the deadline for Iraq to pull out of Kuwait. When U.N. members arrived on the morning of November 27 expecting to debate a Palestinian issue, they found their august chambers turned into a propaganda forum for Kuwaitis with gory stories to tell about Iraq's occupation of their tiny fiefdom. The walls were plastered with photographs of alleged torture victims, and an extra large contingent of journalists had been invited by H&K to see the horror show. When some American members objected, they were overruled by United States Ambassador Thomas Pickering, whose turn it was to serve as president of the council that day.

During morning and afternoon sessions, Kuwaitis testified to many unspeakable atrocities reportedly committed by the Iraqis. The most shocking story was told by a man calling himself a surgeon and claiming that 120 newborn babies had been dumped out of their incubators and left to die on the floor. He said he had helped bury 40 of them. News outlets gobbled up his allegations without question or even a hint to the public about the p.r. machinations so clearly apparent to reporters.

Actually, the incubator charges were not new; only the numbers were. Six weeks earlier, a 15-year-old Kuwaiti girl identified only as Nariyah, a hospital worker, had caused a sensation when she tearfully told a public hearing of the Congressional Human Rights Caucus that she had witnessed 15 such murders by Iraqi soldiers. Eventually, Amnesty International pushed the toll to an incredible 312 in testimony before the House Foreign Relations Committee. That was far more than even the number of incubators in Kuwait.

H&K had done its job well in arranging these public forums, rounding up witnesses, and writing testimony. The escalating incubator charges had a strong impact on the American people and their elected representatives. Several legislators cited them among the reasons they voted for military action. President Bush trumpeted the claims on numerous occasions. John R. MacArthur, author of a book on the Gulf crisis, called the charges "the most influential factor" in getting the United States into war.

But the story was not true. The facts did not emerge until after the war when reporters went to Kuwait to check on the accusations. They found abundant evidence of Iraqi cruelty but nothing to indicate that infants were deliberately murdered. A year after hostilities had ended, MacArthur revealed that the alleged hospital worker was actually the daughter of the Kuwaiti ambassador to the United States. Private investigators working for the Kuwaiti government later interviewed her and found that she had been merely a brief visitor to the hospital and had seen only one baby outside its incubator. Meanwhile, the U.N. "surgeon" turned out to be a dentist professing no knowledge of incubator deaths.

But it was too late to matter to anyone except H&K's competitors in the public relations business, who resented the possible effect of the firm's behavior on the image industry's public image. Yet this was not the only debatable activity of the firm in the name of Kuwaiti "Citizens." Behind that facade, the firm generated much propaganda for war by organizing rallies and special "days," such as National Free Kuwait Day. It also produced and distributed 40 video "news" releases, recycling creations like Nayirah's story as news to viewers around the world.

Unlike some American representatives of foreign interests, H&K eventually registered at the Justice Department as a foreign agent, disclosing details of its contract but no copies of its propaganda as required. It was not until April 1992 that "Citizens" finally filed data revealing its true identity as a creature of the Kuwaiti government, not a grass-roots organization as indicated by its title.

Meanwhile, agents for Kuwait set up other "citizens groups," which advertised widely for military action. One was The Coalition for America at Risk headed by Sam Zakhem, former U.S. Ambassador to Bahrain in the Reagan administration. In a full-page ad in the *Washington Post*, the group warned against negotiating with Saddam Hussein. In a news story, the *Post* trustingly reported that the group had raised nearly $1 million from private citizens. Eighteen months later, the paper reported Zakhem's indictment on charges that he had secretly taken $7.7 million from Kuwait's ambassador for a grass-roots campaign but had diverted all but $2 million to himself and two friends.

Another effort to win public support for war was launched by the Committee for Peace and Security in the Gulf. It started with a full-page ad in the *New York Times* arguing that more urgent than freeing Kuwait was destroying Iraq so it could not "threaten the security and well-being of all nations." Co-directors were Richard Perle, a defense official for Reagan, and Ann Lewis, a former political director of the Democratic National Committee. The main organizer was Stephen Solarz, a New York congressman who was gerrymandered out of office in 1992.

What was not said in the ad was that the organization represented the unspoken but influential Israeli factor in the Gulf affair. The 50 prominent signers of the ad reflected the unique power of the pro-Israel lobby to unite liberals and conservatives, Jews and Gentiles, in bending American foreign policy to the benefit of the Jewish state. Solarz, a liberal Democrat, was one of the leading backers of Israel—and war—on Capitol Hill. The Committee had enough clout to meet with President Bush twice. The ad reflected the expressed fear of Israeli government officials and others that the budding U.N. coalition might free Kuwait but not destroy Iraq's military power, which they saw as the principal threat to Israel's security.

Although the Israeli factor in the Gulf crisis was "very instrumental" according to James Zogby, president of the Arab American Institute, it was rarely discussed in public. Three weeks after the Iraqi invasion, right-wing commentator Pat Buchanan blurted out on a TV talk show: "There are only

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two groups that are beating the drums for war in the Middle East: the Israeli defense ministry and its amen corner in the United States." Although his remark contained some kernels of truth, he had broken an unwritten rule of American politics: never criticize the Israeli lobby in public. The usual penalty for a non-Jew who utters such remarks is to be forever labeled an anti-Semite. The chief enforcer in this case was *New York Times* columnist A.M. Rosenthal. With unrestrained anger, he accused Buchanan of spreading "venom about Jews" and implying that Jews have "alien loyalties for which they will sacrifice the lives of Americans." These charges shadowed Buchanan throughout his campaign for President.

By concentrating funds on key congressional races, the network of pro-Israel PACs often exercises its biggest influence at the local level. The largest amounts are reserved for legislators with the best pro-Israel records and for challengers of legislators deemed to have imperfect records.

Not until after the war had started did the sensitive topic attain the status of news. That came in a *Wall Street Journal* story telling how the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) had "worked in tandem with the Bush administration" in a "behind-the-scenes campaign to gain authority for the President to commit American troops to combat." Reporter David Rogers said AIPAC's influence was "crucial" to that decision, though the group "took pains to disguise its role." Executive Director Tom Dine acknowledged that AIPAC had been active.

Indeed, quiet power is the trademark of AIPAC, the biggest pro-Israel lobby group in the United States, with a staff of over 100 and a budget of $14 million from American donors. It is also "the most powerful, best-run, and most effective" foreign lobby in the United States, according to the *New York Times*. Founded in 1959 by Zionists, AIPAC has become the dominant political voice of American Jews. In recent years, it has sought to strengthen its leadership by establishing a secret investigative unit that author Robert I. Friedman says is used to harass dovish Jewish groups and what it calls "anti-Israel activists." AIPAC officials deny the accusations.

Much of AIPAC's power comes from its ability to issue "action alerts" to Jewish leaders and to generate grass-roots action among many of the six million Jewish Americans. But its real power stems from its close ties with numerous pro-Israel political action committees (PACs) around the country and their ability to reward friendly candidates as well as punish those who stray from the demanding line that prevails among them.

AIPAC has consistently denied that it is a PAC or coordinates any PACs. But a memo and taped telephone call that have leaked from its inner sanctum have indicated to unbelievers that AIPAC has been very influential in determining where all the Israeli lobby's money goes. Its activities include sending newsletters to its 55,000 members and holding frequent conferences and pilgrimages to Congress. The presidents of 48 major Jewish organizations sit on its board.

Citing this information, several former State Department officials and others filed a formal complaint in 1989 to the Federal Election Commission alleging that AIPAC was violating election laws by directing money to federal candidates through numerous PACs, thus avoiding legal limits on donations from a single PAC. Last June, FEC General Counsel Lawrence Noble decided that AIPAC had "probably" violated the law. But the commission vetoed his call for legal action.

The decision left pro-Israel PACs free to continue contributing the maximum allowance to each candidate. To help disguise the extent of their network, almost all these PACs omit the word Israel from their titles. The result is a patchwork of names like National PAC, Washington PAC, and Americans for Good Government. In 1984, author Ed Roeder managed to break the codes and make it possible to determine total amounts for the AIPAC lobby. According to *Stealth PACs*, a book produced by the American Educational Trust, pro-Israel PACs have consistently raised more money and contributed more to Congress than any other group. Yet reporters often omit the Israeli lobby from news stories about the largest PACs.

In 1987-88, for example, pro-Israel PACs raised $10.8 million and contributed $5.4 million to political candidates, according to AET. The next largest spender was the National Association of Realtors, with contributions of $3 million. In the 1989-90 season, 95 pro-Israel PACs contributed $5 million, compared to $3.1 million from the realtors, the next largest group. Preliminary figures for the latest presidential campaign cycle are similar. Over the last five election cycles, pro-Israel PACs have raised over $50 million and spent nearly $24 million.

But that's only half the story. Many of the contributors to these PACs give equal amounts directly to their chosen candidates. In a study of the 1990 campaign, the Center for Responsive Politics found that for every ten dollars that went through pro-Israel PACs, nine went directly to the same candidates from the same donors. On that basis, the total from pro-Israel contributors during this same period was closer to $46 million, more than three times what any other special-interest PAC gave and 300 times what Arab-American PACs spent.

Such massive contributions have brought the Israeli lobby unchallenged control over Congress and American policy in the Middle East. Since 1979 its ardent backers have obtained $53 billion in direct and indirect assistance for Israel, far more than any other country has gotten, not including $10 billion in loan guarantees approved last year. Israel has also cost the United States another $300 billion or so for such things as lost arms sales when Arab nations had to seek other than American suppliers, according to George W. Ball, former Undersecretary of State and coauthor of *Passionate Attachment*.

Aid to Israel, unlike aid to other countries, is not subject to any American oversight or penalties for not spending it on intended purposes. Also unlike some other nations, Israel has never been denied aid because of its record on human rights or nuclear proliferation.

To make sure that Israel gets everything it wants, pro-Israel PACs have buried members of key committees with cash. Seven members, a majority, of the 1992 Senate Foreign Op-

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erations Subcommittee, which handled foreign aid, had divided $1.6 million from such groups over the past three elections, according to FEC data. An equal amount was paid by Israel directly to American lobbyists, according to the Center for Public Integrity, a nonprofit think-tank in Washington, D.C. But more important than the amount of aid to Israel has been the impact of these PACs on Middle Eastern peace prospects. Pro-Israel money has gotten Congress (mostly the Senate) to oppose almost every White House initiative aimed at stopping settlements on Arab land and negotiating peace with the Palestinians. Yet these issues are "central" to resolving tensions throughout the Middle East, according to George Ball.

The record begins in 1962, when Jewish groups proved too formidable for President Kennedy's efforts to allow displaced Arabs to return to Israel. A similar initiative by the Nixon administration was scuttled when AIPAC sent 1,400 Jewish leaders to pressure key members of Congress against the idea. Lobbyists became particularly adept at using congressional letters and resolutions for their purposes, often with little notice in the press. In 1975, AIPAC got 73 senators to block a move by President Gerald Ford merely to consider a peace bid by Egyptian leader Anwar Sadat. Then in 1985, AIPAC got 72 senators to back a resolution that killed an effort by King Hussein and PLO Chairman Yasser Arafat to start negotiations.

President Bush also got thoroughly burned for his efforts to seek a freeze on Israeli settlements in occupied territories, an idea overwhelmingly supported by American citizens. In 1989, when Secretary of State James Baker began pressing Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir on that point and others, 94 senators signed a letter telling Baker to back off. Later that year, 68 senators sent a letter urging Baker not to issue a visa allowing Arafat, who had made some conciliatory gestures, to address the United Nations in New York City. In October 1991, 70 senators sponsored a veto-proof bill to grant Israel's bid for $10 billion in loan guarantees. But they delayed final action to give Bush and Baker time to bargain with Israel for a freeze on Jewish settlements in the occupied territories. Six months later, facing a tough reelection fight, Bush caved in, and the measure passed the Senate (99 to 0) and later the House without a housing ban. Altogether, Bush and Baker encountered more than a dozen such roadblocks on their way to setting up Mideast peace talks.

Failure of a legislator to support any measure desired by AIPAC often causes pro-Israel groups to funnel money with a vengeance to his election opponent. One of the few who has spoken out about this is ex-Senator James Abourezk, a Lebanese-American from South Dakota, who quit in despair over what he saw as hypocrisy in his liberal colleagues. "Senators who criticize Israel," he said, "do so at their political peril. The lobby hurls the charge of anti-Semitism against those who dare to voice opposition to Israel's occupation of contested territories, to the bombing of Arab refugee camps, and to other ghastly practices which, when undertaken by any other country, bring great cries of protest from the same people who will not allow criticism of Israel."

In a noted case, Republican Senator Charles Percy lost a pivotal reelection bid in 1984 after being singled out for defeat by the lobby because of his vote for President Reagan's plan to sell AWAC planes to Saudi Arabia and his expression of concern for Palestinian "rights." Pro-Israel PACs gave $500 to him and $301,000 to Paul Simon, his Democratic opponent in Illinois. In addition, Michael Goland, a California businessman, spent $1.2 million directly on negative advertising against Percy. Goland was later fined $5,000 for concealing his identity. His expenditures were examples of "soft money," which can legally be spent directly on a candidate's expenses. Altogether, over $3 million went to Simon from pro-Israel groups, according to Edward Tivnan, author of *The Lobby: Jewish Political Power and American Foreign Policy*. Afterward, says Tivnan, AIPAC Director Thomas Dine claimed credit for the onslaught and said American politicians "got the message." It was enough to frighten Congress into almost complete submission to the lobby ever since.

By concentrating funds on key congressional races, the network of pro-Israel PACs often exercises its biggest influence at the local level. The largest amounts are reserved for legislators with the best pro-Israel records and for challengers of legislators deemed to have imperfect records. Like Percy, most of the targets for defeat have been Republicans generally friendly to Israel. Victims include ex-Representative Paul N. McCloskey of California; ex-Senator Roger Jepsen of Iowa; ex-Representative Paul Findley of Illinois; and ex-Senator James Abdnor, an Arab-American from South Dakota. Survivors include Senator Jesse Helms, who barely escaped losing reelection to a PAC attack in North Carolina in 1990. Another near-victim is Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island, whose staff attributed his reelection in 1988 to exposure of the AIPAC campaign against him on *60 Minutes*. Chafee did not get a cent from pro-Israel PACs, while his opponent, Richard Licht, received $242,000. That is 25 times the legal contribution limit for a single PAC. An earlier victim was former Democratic Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas. His crime was to hold public hearings on foreign lobbying.

As the 1992 election neared, the Israeli lobby had gotten virtually everything it wanted from George Bush, including pulverization of Iraq's military power, stalled peace talks, $10 billion over five years in loan guarantees, $3 billion in foreign aid, plus, in the words of AIPAC President David Steiner, "a billion dollars in other goodies that people don't even know about." But lobby leaders were not satisfied. They steered their biggest contributors and most of their votes to Clinton and Gore, from whom they expected still more. In selecting Gore as his running mate, Clinton chose one of the most enthusiastic Israel-boosters in the Senate. In his campaign remarks, Clinton joined the choir. One-upping Bush, he said Israel should not be pressured to stop settling Arab land, adding that "the Arabs are the obstacles to peace."

Not all Jewish groups have agreed with hardline AIPAC stances. Some have sought to encourage talks with the PLO and an end to settlements on occupied land. But AIPAC has managed to build a virtual monopoly, much to the dismay of less conservative Jews and sometimes even to the displeasure of Israeli government leaders. Last August, the *Washington Post* reported that Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin accused AIPAC of inflaming relations between Israel and the United States by overplaying its hand on the $10 billion loan.

But his pique had no visible effect. By then, AIPAC leaders had deeply infiltrated the front-running Clinton camp. One even took to boasting about it. A month before the election, AIPAC's Steiner told a potential contributor: "We have a dozen people in [Clinton] headquarters . . . and they're all go-

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ing to get big jobs." He said he was already negotiating for the next Secretary of State. But when a tape of this conversation was given to the *Washington Times*, Steiner's AIPAC presence suddenly evaporated. So did a few of the high appointments expected from Clinton. But Jewish leaders were unfazed. They took their complaints to the press.

That restored their clout in a hurry. Within hours of being named Secretary of State, Warren Christopher felt the need to call Jewish leaders and ask them not to worry even though he was not their preferred candidate. Clinton himself admitted he had "a problem," which he promised to resolve with sub-Cabinet appointments. The *New York Times* quoted transition aides as contending that "the real worry of the Jewish groups" was that "their monopoly on representing Jewish positions is being broken."

If "monopoly" means the absence of any countervailing place for Arab interests in American politics, the word is fitting. Despite signs that an Arab-American lobby is finally coming alive, it is hampered by limited funds and a relatively small population base in the United States. It is also hampered by a press with little interest in exploring all sides of the issues.

As a new administration took over in Washington, there were signs that Israel was shifting its position slightly. The Knesset voted to stop prosecuting citizens who contact the PLO. But, more importantly, there has been no change in policy or staff at AIPAC. The big questions for peace prospects in the Middle East remain whether AIPAC will relax its grip on American foreign policy and whether the Clinton White House will force the issue. The omens were not positive.

As Secretary Christopher sought to resolve an impasse between the U.N. and Israel over its deportation of some 400 suspected Arab terrorists, AIPAC got 68 senators to sign a letter backing Israel. The effect was immediate. Christopher approved a partial return of Arabs and agreed to veto any U.N. sanctions against Israel, at the risk of losing leverage with Arab parties in the stalled peace talks.

Nor were the omens positive that renewed efforts to reform election and lobby laws would dilute the power of such groups as AIPAC and Hill & Knowlton to shape American foreign policy in semisecrecy. The most likely plan to improve campaign laws would have little or no effect on pro-Israel PACs. And the leading proposal in Congress to tighten control of lobbying would not alter AIPAC's status as a registered domestic lobby or diminish H&K's role as a foreign agent for hire.

Coincidentally, the chief sponsor of lobbying reforms is Senator Carl Levin, a Michigan Democrat who received more pro-Israel money than any other member of Congress in the 1990 elections. c

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Selling Out—Past and Present

by Alfred E. Eckes

Krystyna Jachniewicz

Many who leave Main Street, U.S.A., to do good in Washington, D.C., remain on to do well for themselves. Since the beginnings of the American Republic, thousands of former congressmen, staff assistants, and senior officials in the executive branch have trod that familiar career path. The bright and ambitious, as well as the foolish and indolent, discover gold along the banks of the Potomac River and succumb to "Potomac fever." In the process, these incipient power-brokers and mercenaries shed local attachments and forget the common people who first selected them to serve. Over the last 20 years, however, this pattern has changed in one significant respect. Previously, officials departed government to extract gold from domestic employers—banks, oil companies, railroads, manufacturers, and even some labor unions. Now former bigwigs pimp and pluck for alien interests.

The extent of foreign influence-peddling in government would not surprise Alexander Hamilton and the authors of the Constitution. In the *Federalist Papers*, Hamilton warned that republics "afford too easy an inlet to foreign corruption." Acknowledging that the world had seen few instances of "royal prostitution," he cautioned that history offered "many mortifying examples of the prevalency of foreign corruption in republican governments."

"In republics," Hamilton said, "persons elevated from the mass of the community, by the suffrages of their fellow-citizens, to stations of great preeminence and power, may find compensations for betraying their trust." In particular, Hamilton expressed concern about the President and the executive branch:

> A man raised from the station of a private citizen to the rank of chief magistrate, possessed of but a moderate or slender fortune, and looking forward to a period not very remote, when he may probably be obliged to return to the station from which he was taken, might sometimes be under temptations to sacrifice his duty to his interest. . . . An avaricious man might be tempted to betray the interests of the state to the acquisition of wealth.

Hamilton and other participants in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 well understood the dark side of human nature, and so they wisely inserted several key checks and balances in the nation's fundamental document. The Constitutional Convention separated legislative and executive powers and stipulated that treaties negotiated with foreign governments gain the approval of two-thirds of the Senate.

Experience during the Confederation period had shaped these decisions. In 1785, the Founders had witnessed a flagrant foreign effort to corrupt American public officials and subvert long-term national interests. Eager to close off westward expansion across the Appalachians into the Mississippi Valley, Spain attempted to lure John Jay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with personal favors to accept a commercial treaty and forbear claims to navigation of the Mississippi River. Ac-

Alfred E. Eckes is Ohio Eminent Research Professor at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio. He teaches history, management, and journalism. From 1981 to 1990 he served on the U.S. International Trade Commission, of which he was chairman from 1982 to 1984.

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cording to diplomatic historians, the Spanish envoy Don Diego de Gardoqui even loaned money to members of Congress and gave breeding mules to General George Washington. But frontier opposition finally prevailed, and Congress narrowly rejected the shortsighted treaty.

To Hamilton and other Founders the episode demonstrated the need for legal checks and balances to restrain human greed and protect the nation from foreign machinations. They anticipated the most blatant form of public prostitution—the use of bribes and favors to influence the public activities of an official. But the founding generation never envisioned the revolving-door situation prominent today—in which public officials gain knowledge and experience at public expense and then seek to convert that knowledge for private gain in post-government employment serving the nation's adversaries.

One of the first prominent government officials to leave public service and work for foreign interests was General James Wilkinson, an unscrupulous adventurer who took an oath of allegiance to the King of Spain. During the Revolution he served as an aide to the most renowned traitor in American history—Benedict Arnold. Afterward Wilkinson moved to the Kentucky frontier in search of fortune and fame. When Spain closed the Mississippi River, he approached Spanish authorities seeking an exclusive trading monopoly. To advance this petition, he swore allegiance to the Spanish crown in 1787 and agreed to foment secession in Kentucky. For his efforts Wilkinson gained a Spanish pension, which he retained when he reentered the United States Army as an officer in 1791. Although on the Spanish payroll, Wilkinson rose to become the Army's ranking officer.

Money and personal advancement drove Wilkinson, as they did other entrepreneurs on the frontier. But foreign money also influenced public officials in Washington. Secretary of State Daniel Webster apparently permitted foreign money to sway his public performance. According to Philip Ziegler in his book *The Sixth Great Power*, a history of the House of Baring, Webster, who was constantly in need of money, received gifts and payments from the Barings. As Secretary of State in the Tyler administration, he repaid this largess with interest. Webster shifted federal bank accounts from the French Rothschilds to the Barings, a banking house with close ties to the British government. He also negotiated a generous settlement of the ticklish Maine boundary dispute with an old friend, Lord Ashburton (Alexander Baring). In and out of government Webster served the Barings well and proved himself a true Anglophile. He was "by far the greatest man we have," wrote the Barings' agent in America.

During the 19th century domestic, not foreign, money fueled the lobbies in Washington. Both the greedy and the needy among former government officials could make big money representing a variety of homegrown special interests. In his famous study *The American Commonwealth*, published in 1888, Lord James Bryce listed some of these power-brokers. There were pension lobbyists, railway lobbyists, tariff lobbyists, Indian lobbyists, back-pay lobbyists, Isthmian canal lobbyists, and many others. Bryce even found French spoliation lobbyists and British trade and shipping lobbyists.

One celebrated scandal concerned the purchase of Alaska from Imperial Russia. Having decided to dispense with this piece of Arctic real estate after the American Civil War, the Russian government retained Washington lobbyists—including former Treasury Secretary Robert Walker—to persuade Congress to pay the agreed price of $7.2 million.

Historians have discovered that the Russian Minister Baron Eduard de Stoeckl also bought favorable press and support on Capitol Hill. The editor of one Washington newspaper received $30,000 to propagandize the purchase, and other payments went to influential congressmen, including the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. A congressional investigation also revealed that Washington reporters for more than a dozen major papers received at least $2,500 each for their support.

As late as 1930, when Congress devoted 18 long months to writing the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act, foreign lobbyists still had only sporadic impact on the Washington process. Foreign interests relied on the State Department to communicate their concerns to the appropriate congressional committees. Meanwhile, many former government officials—including employees of the Customs Service and the Tariff Commission—appeared before Congress to testify and lobby for domestic interests. In 1929 and 1930 domestic interests benefiting from high tariffs paid handsome sums to Washington power-brokers to safeguard those privileges.

This pattern changed during the New Deal. President Franklin Roosevelt turned the State Department over to an enthusiastic trade deregulator, Cordell Hull, who proceeded to open the domestic market to import competition. In transferring tariff-making from Congress to the State Department, the reciprocal-trade-agreements program created opportunities for trade specialists and lawyers familiar with the bureaucratic landscape.

One beneficiary was William Smith Culbertson, a Kansas progressive and the first vice-chairman of the federal Tariff Commission. After President Hoover's defeat in 1932, Culbertson returned to Washington from his diplomatic post in Chile to start another career as a Washington lawyer. Lacking clients, he found some work representing Japanese textile interests before the Tariff Commission and Congress. He therefore was one of the first former trade officials ever to serve Japanese clients, like Mitsui and Mitsubishi. Yet, in fairness, Culbertson did not rush through the revolving door. A long interval—some eight years—elapsed between his departure from the Tariff Commission and his subsequent appearances representing textile importers.

The success of Cordell Hull's tariff-reduction program gradually altered the balance of lobbying power in Washington after World War II. As domestic tariffs declined, protectionist lobbies weakened and lost their capacity to retain large numbers of lobbyists. Conversely, as foreign producers and importers gained access and market share, they acquired valuable privileges worth protecting. Increasingly importers needed large numbers of professionals familiar with the ways of government to protect their interests.

During the Marshall Plan era the State Department emerged as a principal training school for future foreign agents. In the rarefied air of Foggy Bottom, young lawyers and diplomats from this country's best universities learned to think correctly about international economics. Protectionism and Smoot-Hawley, they heard, were evils that produced trade wars and complicated bilateral relationships. Free trade, they learned, nurtured friendly political and military ties, even when trading partners chose not to reciprocate fully.

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These diplomats and lawyers also heard about America's duty and responsibility as a great power to open its market wide to the exports of poor countries facing an international communist threat.

Uneasy about long-term career opportunities in the competitive foreign service, State Department recruits learned to cultivate foreign contacts and build personal escape routes from bureaucratic caprice. A strong network of foreign associations might some day offer a remunerative postgovernment career. One such State Department official was Noel Hemmendinger, a lawyer destined to become one of Japan's top foreign agents in Washington. A graduate of Princeton and Harvard Law School, where he edited the law review, Hemmendinger served in World War II and then entered the State Department in 1946. He specialized in Japanese commercial matters at a time when the Truman and Eisenhower administrations sought to promote markets for Japanese exports and thus undercut the appeal of communism. Sensitive to Japanese interests from his years of service in the department, Hemmendinger helped write the 1955 bilateral trade agreement. That pact opened the American market wide to most Japanese products, but left the Japanese market relatively closed to American exports.

Having done his public best to rehabilitate the Japanese economy and promote a strong bilateral relationship, Hemmendinger left the State Department to open a trade law practice. His client base consisted of Japanese. Over time Hemmendinger became an unofficial trade ambassador for the Japanese government and maintained a close association with the Japanese Embassy in Washington and the Foreign Ministry in Tokyo. Repeatedly, he registered with the Justice Department as a foreign agent.

Only a few hundred miles separated Washington, D.C., from Bernardsville, New Jersey, population 6,700, where Noel Hemmendinger began. But after punching his ticket at the State Department and befriending Japanese export interests, Hemmendinger found his pot of Potomac gold. The smart boy from Bernardsville became an advance agent for Japan's export offensive. In Washington he would extol the virtues of free trade while deflecting criticisms of Japanese home-market restrictions, and he would vigorously defend Japanese business while laboring to discourage vigorous enforcement of American trade-remedy laws.

Over the succeeding years Japan would hire many Hemmendingers, former officials with the State Department or other trade agencies who knew the corridors of power. Soon, too, other competitors imitated the Japanese example. Canada, Taiwan, Korea, Brazil, Mexico, and many other countries hired former federal government officials to advance their commercial interests.

During the 1970's and 1980's, as the import assault intensified, the Washington revolving door began to spin faster and faster. Washington, D.C., had discovered Say's famous law of economics—supply creates its own demand. With more baby boomers attending law school and scrambling for high-paying professional careers, many turned to government for a career boost. In government, far faster than in a large law firm, they could gain substantive experience, a network of contacts, and potential clients. Government offered the fast track to a high-paying partnership.

Other circumstances benefited trade lawyers. After steep Kennedy-Round tariff concessions exposed American manufacturers and workers to intense competition in the early 1970's, American public opinion turned against unrestricted trade. For lawyers and lobbyists, the threat of protectionism in Congress presented bountiful opportunities—more foreign clients and more billable hours.

Responding to the negative public mood, legislators and lawyers on Capitol Hill fashioned a classic inside-the-Beltway response. They constructed a complex quasi-judicial procedure for adjudicating trade disputes away from politics and policy concerns. Not surprisingly, the process relied on more lawyers and litigation. The Trade Acts of 1974 and 1979 could have been titled "Full Employment Acts for Trade Lawyers."

During the 1980's, trade-remedy practice became a thriving source of profit for many Washington law firms. The simplest antidumping or countervailing duty case might cost domestic petitioners $300,000 to $400,000. With multiple foreign parties having differing priorities, respondents might spend well over $1 million to defend their interests. The biggest cases involved hundreds of attorneys and expert witnesses. They produced billings in excess of $100 million.

With so much money in the regulatory valleys of Washington, other professionals sought to join the "gold rush." Economists succeeded. At the International Trade Commission Richard Boltuck, a University of Chicago all-but-the-dissertation economist, designed a computer-assisted money machine—that is, an economic model to measure the impact of imports on domestic industries. With assistance from several commissioners, eager for ideological reasons to discourage case filings, parties to trade-remedy proceedings soon encountered another costly expense. To win a trade case, they needed to retain not only lawyers but also economists. Having imposed a new form of tariff on imports—one that diverted additional money from producers of wealth not to fund government but to retain economists—Boltuck and several colleagues left public employment to prospect for gold.

During my nine years on the ITC from 1981 to 1990, I watched the revolving door spin round and round. Friends and colleagues briefly punched tickets in the public sector and then left to enjoy foreign lucre.

I remember vividly certain episodes. One day a senior attorney in our General Counsel's office came in to shake my hand; he was departing for the green fields of private law. He did not leave the corridors of government for long. The next business day he reappeared in the Commission hearing room to represent a foreign client in an ITC proceeding. Although no laws were broken, the episode left a sour taste—and an appearance of impropriety.

On another occasion, a senior legal counsel walked the ITC corridors to lobby staff against an affirmative finding in a commodity case. A few weeks later the same attorney resigned to take up employment with the very law firm that had represented the foreign producers. Some months later when a similar case was filed, the former government attorney now appeared on behalf of foreign respondents. It was another example of the revolving door in action.

Some of the most revolting episodes have involved presidential appointees, especially fellow commissioners. Former ITC Commissioner Daniel Minchew gained notoriety in 1978 when he traveled to Japan and signed a private agreement to represent Japanese business interests *before* he had resigned his government post. Several of Minchew's successors learned

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from his public example and sought foreign clients more discretely. During the 1980's eight commissioners departed from the ITC. Four of the five who remained in Washington, all professionals in mid-career, registered as foreign agents or represented foreign interests before the commission within two years of resigning their public position.

Over a longer span of time, from 1975 to 1988, Presidents designated eight individuals to chair the quasi-judicial ITC. Five of them subsequently passed through the revolving door to represent foreign or import interests at the Commission. Only one former chairman returned to the ITC to represent domestic producers. The same pattern applied at other trade agencies. A deputy assistant secretary of commerce resigned from office one day and appeared in Europe the next morning after an all-night flight to hustle clients for his trade-remedy practice.

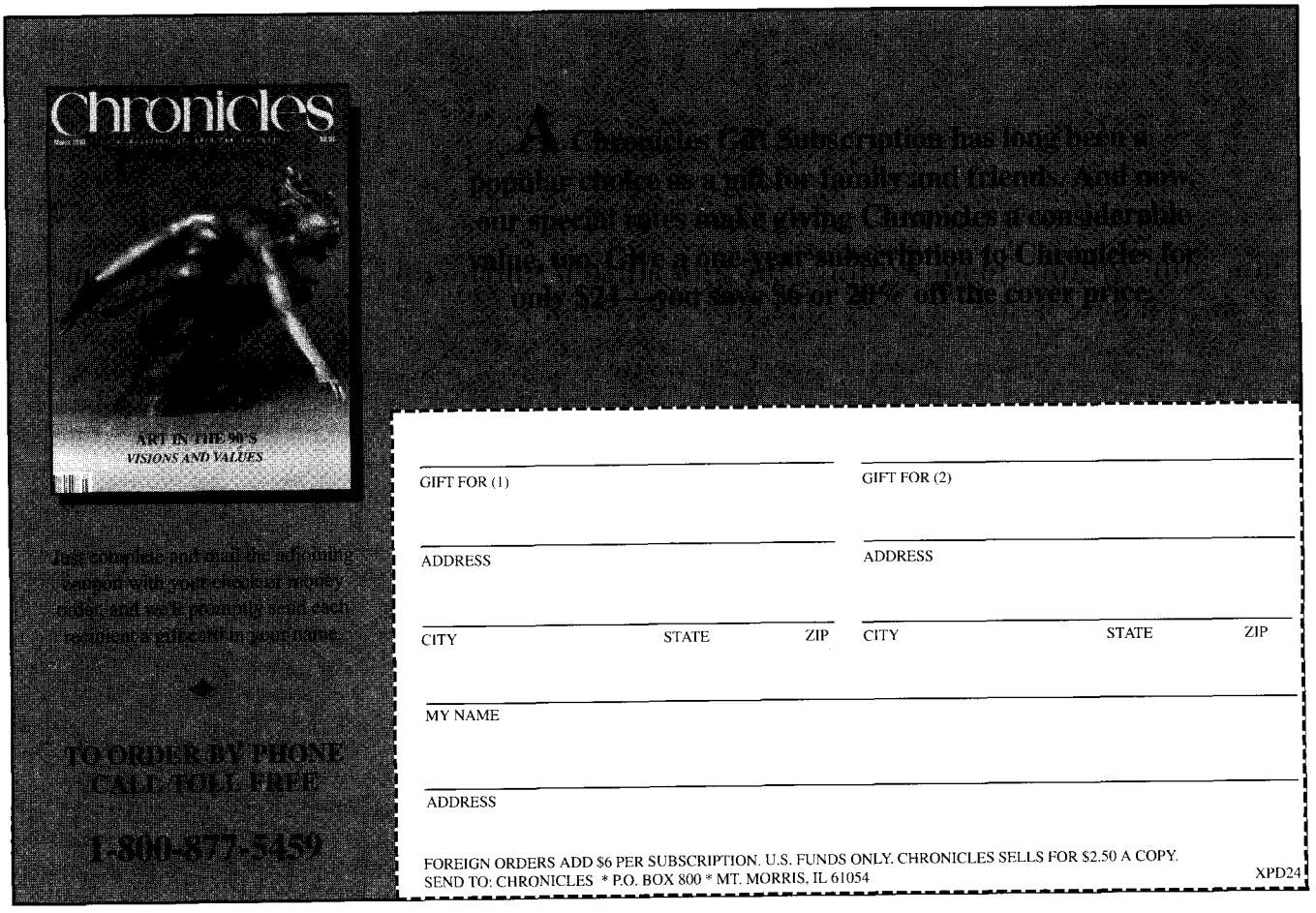
Not all public officials exploit the revolving door to accumulate personal wealth. I will always remember the many honest and hardworking civil servants I encountered in government service. These unsung heroes merit admiration for their constant dedication to the public's business. At a time when some young professionals chase the Asian dollar, they persevere, patriotically and impartially administering laws while maintaining high ethical standards. Their efforts keep the wheels of government moving.

What is the solution to foreign-interest lobbying? Already government requires presidential-level appointees to fill out annual disclosure forms as complicated as the Form 1040. True, burdensome reporting requirements do not guarantee individual ethics, but such restrictions address the James Wilkinson- and Daniel Webster-type indiscretions.

To slow the revolving door, the Clinton administration has promised new restrictions on post-government employment. Senior noncareer employees will be barred from lobbying their former department for five years. Trade negotiators will be forbidden from representing foreign governments, political parties, or companies.

At first impression such changes seem overdue. But problems remain. Many experienced and talented people may find such restrictions intolerable. As a result, efforts to mandate ethical public conduct also hamper recruitment of top-quality individuals with requisite experience. This leaves the United States with a second-class government of inexperienced amateurs. Moreover, mandatory restrictions invite circumvention. Are American affiliates of foreign corporations barred from retaining former officials? Such an interpretation could jeopardize the constitutional right to petition government. But, without such limitations, proposed rules have only a cosmetic effect.

From my vantage point, the best defense against impropriety remains a vigorous and adversarial press. The prospect of negative coverage in a national newspaper or on a network television program like *60 Minutes* operates as a powerful deterrent to improper activity. For, with a vigilant press oversight, those who go to Washington to do good must contemplate the embarrassment of public exposure if they betray the public trust and dishonor the folks back home. C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Truth

(A Political Analysis)

by Richard Moore

"What's truth?" asked Pontius Pilate,
ever prepared to revile it,
"What's truth, you tramps and hags?"

"I know!"
said the wino,
hung with wretched rags.
"Truth is many-gowned.
She dresses for our sakes . . .
but it's booze what makes
the world go 'round.
Just look—look hard if you dare.
Continents here and there
soaking and eroding,
volcanoes belching, exploding . . .
but mostly it's under covers—
oceans like gushy lovers—
mostly the earth's *all wet*.
What's it want then? *To forget*!
Iss' jus' like me an' Vivian.
All we want's oblivion."

But here, rolling eyes aloft,
one stood, politely coughed—
so elegant, so correct!—
and thus, commanding respect
and silence from every man
and woman there, began:

"I report to you, friends, that we—
that is, my colleagues and me . . ."

The crowd heard Pilate cry,
"You mean, *my colleagues and I*!
If you're going to whine and yammer,
do it with decent grammar!"

"My friends, my true associ*ates*,
allied to me in their fates . . ."

"They lied to you?" Pilate inquired,
"Those friends you probably hired—
what kind of friends were those?
You talk too fancy. Speak prose!"

"My colleagues formed a committee
of the best minds in the City,
experts, fortune-gainers,
nationwide entertainers—
all those by whom truths are uttered."

"Boobs, jackals," Pilate muttered.

"After meetings around the Nation,
ten years' deliberation
at many a posh resort,
though official neglect . . ."

"Make it short!"
cried Pilate.

"Well, then—raising
no questions about the phrasing
and creating the false impression
of a shallow, debate-free session
we all in due course agreed
that *Truth is much in need*."

"That all?" Pilate asked, "—in ten *years*?"

"O no! We resolved amid cheers—
ecstatic that, cleverly gleaning
our dictum's ulterior meaning—
that the duty should fall on us—
resolved—such claps—thunderous!—
that *Truth needs a father-confessor
to toilet-train and dress her*."

A mechanic stood up in rage.
"This jerk thinks he's a sage.
Ban him from the City!
He's telling us Truth is sh---y."

Pilate breathed, "How I love these greasies!
Give them a whiff of feces,
and they'll outshout any crowd."

"My friend," he said aloud,
"thanks for your thoughtful words,
that lay bare these, these . . ."
"T---s!"

". . . let's call them *stagnant pools*
in the *morass* of our schools.
But we'll keep them among us, I think—
so we won't forget how they *stink*."

"And so *you'll* smell nice by comparison
and stay in control of the garrison,"
shouted the happy mechanic—
who'd become, Pilate saw, too manic.
So the police appeared,
and as the crowd had feared,
doctors put him in chains
(and, a month later, beat out his brains).
And the crowd, with his strangled curse
in their ears, began to disperse,
and Pilate, too, strode from the scene.

The drunks remained on the green.

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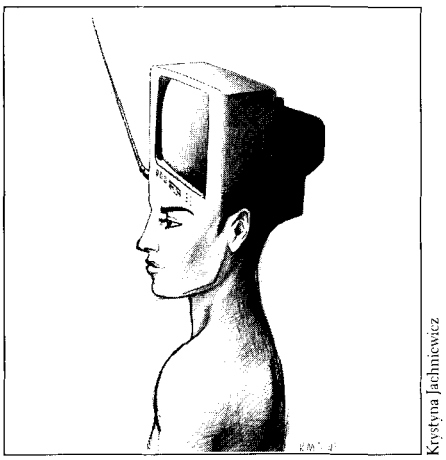
Once More Beyond the Pale

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a state; An hour may lay it in the dust."
—Lord Byron

The End of the Twentieth Century and the End of the Modern Age
by John Lukacs
New York: Ticknor & Fields;
291 pp., $21.95

Around the Cragged Hill: A Personal and Political Philosophy
by George F. Kennan
New York: W.W. Norton;
272 pp., $22.95



Krystyna Jachniewicz

Few antiliberal writers are disliked and distrusted so much by mainstream "conservatives" as John Lukacs and George Kennan. Like most movements that achieve a degree of success, intellectual "conservatism" in America has petrified into an establishment far more concerned with maintaining proximity to power than with preserving its own integrity of mind, which in any case was compromised from the start by an unwillingness to risk a commitment to circumscribed interests by examining too critically the structure and function of postwar American society. Since World War II, "conservatives" in this country have mainly been corporate capitalists and anticommunists whose hatred of the left is far greater than their love of the truth, which they are willing to fudge rather than concur with the leftist critique on any point whatever. Compounding this commitment to power and interest is a prep-school code of ethics by which people who refuse to be team players are judged unreliable eccentrics at best, dangerous scoundrels at worst.

Since American "conservatism" for the past 40 years has been little more than an apology for corporate capitalism and modern technomaterialism, it is naturally suspicious of traditionalists who believe that the time has come to reappraise the modernist idea of "progress" and who are not reluctant to say that the environmental crisis is no bogey of the left but a crucial—perhaps the most crucial—issue of the age, or that "national security" and messianic democratism are not adequate justification for the imperial state. In his review of Mr. Kennan's latest book in the *New York Times*, George Will called the author's brand of conservatism "anachronistic" and observed that "his thinking is, strictly speaking, un-American. . . ." The answer to this is that Kennan's thinking is congruent with the majoritarian thought of many generations of Americans, and that it is Mr. Will's neo-Kristolian conservatism that is likely to become an anachronism, sooner perhaps than later.

Formally speaking, *The End of the Twentieth Century* and *Around the Cragged Hill* are very different works, Lukacs' being an historical meditation while Kennan's, as the title suggests, is a personal and political testament, meant to aid scholars attempting to discern a coherent philosophy from his earlier books. They have in common, though, besides an episodic structure and an impressionistic and subjective technique, a shared view of civilization—meaning essentially a preference for the high-bourgeois epoch that Lukacs calls the culmination of the Modern Age—that critics will find easy to dismiss as representing simply the prejudices of age, as indeed George Will came close to doing. (Who says conservatives can't learn new tricks?) Yet, Kennan's opinions aside, no reader not already familiar with the man would guess that this vigorously written volume was the work of an octo-, about to become a nona-, genarian.

Kennan contemplates with dismay the United States at the close of the 20th century. "If I were to be asked by a foreigner what strikes me most about my own people, two points . . . would come most readily to mind: first, that we are a nation of bad social habits; and, second, that there are far too many of us." He deplores the American "addiction" to the automobile and to television; the resolute advancement of mental unreality by advertising and popular politics; the trend from constitutional republicanism toward plebiscitary democracy exemplified by the acceptance of the results of public-opinion polls as *vox populi* and by a growing reliance on ballot propositions and constitutional amendments to circumvent representative government; the destruction of rural life and of the land itself by population growth and spreading suburbanization; the destructive and counterproductive social and environmental effects of technology; uncontrolled immigration; and the advanced centralization of American government that has so far failed to live up to its billing as the solution for the country's most fundamental problems, which are by now approaching critical mass. As a step toward coping with these, Kennan recommends the creation of a Council of State from among the most intelligent, knowledgeable, experienced, and disin-

Chilton Williamson, Jr., is senior editor for books at Chronicles.

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terested of the country's elite and proposes that the 50 states be replaced by a federation of larger geographical regions more independent of Washington, D.C. "I regard myself," he says, "if anyone wants to know, as a Christian, although there are certainly others who would question my right to that status." (This reviewer, having read Mr. Kennan's version of Christianity, is one of them.) He regards man as a highly imperfectable creature and is therefore opposed in principle to the progressive agenda. The end of the Cold War, he argues, presents "a demand for nothing less than a redesigning of the entire great pattern of America's interaction in the rest of the world." While favoring a strong military, he believes that America must now abandon many of its foreign entanglements in order to concentrate on domestic problems. Though he values the United Nations as "the only symbol of the community of fate that unites all branches of the human family," he defends "the sound old principle of noninterference in the . . . domestic affairs [of individual states]."

John Lukacs, who insists on being regarded as a historian, not a prophet, is nevertheless in the (professionally if not personally) happy position of a man whose lifetime work is being confirmed by history. (As an admiring friend of mine has remarked, Lukacs can say more about the 20th century in ten pages than anyone else can say in a book.) In *The End of the Twentieth Century*, he restates a theme that has preoccupied him for most of his professional life and tests it against the events of the last four years in Eastern Europe. Also he reverts to an argument he developed 17 years ago in *The Last European War, 1939-1941* (still in my opinion the best of his many wonderful books): that Hitler, not Lenin, was the great revolutionary of the 20th century, in which wars rather than revolutions were the formative events and nations, not classes, bore arms against each other. This century, Lukacs proposes, actually began in 1914 and ended in 1989, comprising a period of 75 years dominated by the two great "mountain ranges" of the world wars and brought to its anticlimactic conclusion by the Cold War.

To the extent that George Kennan and John Lukacs are *bêtes noires* for American "conservatives," their evil reputation rests largely upon their understanding of the Soviet Union and of the Cold War. For four decades, both men have been simply unable to credit American anticommunists as the heroes they have always claimed to be. At no time since 1945, Lukacs and Kennan believe, was the Soviet Union a serious threat to the West. Defensive rather than offensive by nature, it was doomed by its weaknesses and contradictions to eventual implosion, making "rollback" an unnecessary as well as a highly imprudent policy. Stalin, Lukacs insists, was a Russian nationalist, devoted to the consolidation and retention of domestic power and utterly disinterested in the triumph of "international Communism." The Soviet Union, he argues, "had nothing to do with these Communist revolutions" in the Third World, where "a tribal hatred of foreign, in most cases white, power," prevailed. "The obsession with Communism obscured the main condition of the Cold War, which had little to do with Communism" but everything to do with considerations of national power and security. In Lukacs' opinion, anticommunism in the United States was a sort of Masonic ring by which respectable patriotic Americans could recognize one another, and an elaborate professional structure in which opportunists could engage in what today is called "networking" and thereby establish careers for themselves. Anticommunism "was the ideological cement that bound the Republican 'conservative' movement together—a cement that may be dissolving now." (Indeed the issue is whether the "conservatives" *themselves* will not dissolve: already they appear to be evanescing slowly, slowly before our wondering and astonished eyes, and their network with them.)

The broad differences in scope and aim between these books may easily obscure the fact that both are in some degree treatments of the same subject, viewed respectively in its particular and general aspects. The concern of *Around the Cragged Hill* is essentially the destruction of the Old Republic and of the virtues of republican society (including the availability of domestic help!) by progressive and nationalist forces—which, Lukacs shows, are actually one and the same thing, as the career of Theodore Roosevelt clearly demonstrates. ("To think that nationalism is a reactionary phenomenon is a grave error.") And *The End of the Twentieth Century* is about these same forces at work throughout the rest of the world, beginning at least with Otto von Bismarck who imposed the first social security system on the new German state. Lukacs speculates that nationalism, while remaining "more than the wave of the past" and "still the tide of the present," may not dominate the future: "Something new (and probably unexpected) will emerge in Western Europe during the next few decades."

Parliamentary liberalism was a product of a particular social structure the likes of which we shall not see again. Multiparty democracy of the Western sort, which immediately replaced the communist system in the newly liberated states of Eastern Europe, is unlikely to survive, Lukacs predicts, but will probably be supplanted by single-party government. In the West, the concept of a united Europe lacks "character and meaning," the "conscious (and therefore historical) ideal" needed to give it life. Meanwhile, at century's end, liberalism is in retreat, while "almost everywhere overextended and heavily bureaucratic governments vacillat[e] atop societies whose cohesion is loosening visibly. . . . At the end of the Modern Age the size of the state increases along with the decrease of its authority, because of the decreasing respect and efficiency of its powers."

That passage, encountered at the end of the first disastrous month of the Clinton administration, appears not just insightful but truly prophetic: a compelling explanation of the President's list (already nearly as long as Leporello's) of broken promises made last year to the American electorate. Bill Clinton's actions in office strongly suggest a strategy developed from the start of his campaign for the presidency but kept carefully hidden from the voters: a strategy designed to promote a last-ditch effort at imposing socialism on the United States and reasserting the waning prestige—and through it the power—of the modern state. "I have been heartened," George Kennan told an interviewer before the inaugural, "by what I have seen and heard said by Mr. Clinton, his actions and statements during the interregnum," adding that he was happy to see "younger people coming in, who listen to others." Obviously, they have not been paying attention to Mr. Kennan. c

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The End of Something

by Jeffrey Meyers

Hemingway: The American Homecoming
by Michael Reynolds
Cambridge, MA: Basil Blackwell; 264 pp., $24.95

Hemingway: A Life Without Consequences
by James R. Mellow
Boston: Houghton Mifflin; 704 pp., $30.00

◆

Hemingway continues to fascinate. The legendary life and heroic exploits of the man who was so admired, honored, and imitated are now well-known: fisherman in the Michigan woods, reporter in Kansas City, wounded war hero, foreign correspondent from Constantinople to Córdoba, Left Bank drinker, bullfight *aficionado*, innovative stylist, African lion hunter, reporter in war-torn Spain, expatriate in Cuba, witness of D-Day and the liberation of Paris, victim of the FBI, survivor of two plane crashes and of two series of shock treatments, husband of four wives, father of three sons, creator of some of the best fiction of the century, winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the Nobel Prize—and brain-blasted suicide.

Yet books about his life continue to roll off the presses. Since my biography appeared in 1985, publishers have brought out seven others by Fernanda Pivano, Kenneth Lynn, Peter Griffin (2), Michael Reynolds (2), and James Mellow; five memoirs—by Jack Hemingway, Denis Brian, Henry Villard, Slim Keith, and Peter Viertel; as well as a second book on Hadley Hemingway and an autobiographical novel by his granddaughter Lorian Hemingway. It seems there is nothing more to say. But viewing familiar material from an original point of view (as Mellow does), instead of presenting a mass of trivial facts (the way Reynolds does), reveals that it is still possible to write a valuable biography.

Reynolds, though he tries to establish his *macho* credentials by mentioning visits to the track and brandies at the bar, and by feebly imitating Hemingway's style, actually belongs to the Carlos Baker school of heavy-handed academic biography. Like Baker, he combines "lyrical" passages that strain for (but do not achieve) "poetic" effects by amassing trivial facts, irrelevant details, tedious *clichés* and by exhibiting unconscionable repetition. If you want to know about Gus Pfeiffer's chess sets or Leicester Hemingway's bird house, this is the book for you. Instead of a continuous narrative, the book is chopped up into short sections, like news reports of separate events, and interspersed with fictionalized versions of real people's thoughts and stale accounts of the major stories.

Reynolds has unfortunately got hold of the lending-library cards of Sylvia Beach's bookshop Shakespeare and Company (which he spells incorrectly) and repeatedly mentions which books Hemingway and his circle borrowed. He has spent weeks reading through the Paris *Herald Tribune* and, to justify his sterile labors, reprints every familiar and pointless reference to Hemingway. Reynolds spends considerable time on Hemingway's daily writing and revision, but says very little about the *meaning* of his works. He does not, for example, connect the title and the content of Hemingway's "Neothomist Poem." When discussing two stories in the context of Hemingway's divorce and second marriage, Reynolds fails to relate the officer's advice in "In Another Country"—"A man must not marry"—to the orderly's advice in "Now I Lay Me"—"A man ought to be married."

Clutching his Paris guidebooks and fumbling with street maps, Reynolds (innocent of diacritical marks) stumbles through Hemingway's Europe misspelling a dozen names and getting the facts all wrong. "Honoraria" for "Honoria" and "*mairie*" (town hall) for "*maire*" (mayor) are typical howlers. The elegant and fashionable *rue de la Paix* could never be described as "glitzy." And Aigues-Mortes, which Reynolds calls "uninteresting," is in fact a fascinating fortified medieval Crusaders' town. The chronology of the book is also confusing. In Reynolds' version, Hemingway moves into Gerald Murphy's studio *after* he is already living there. Hemingway's wound from a skylight accident is described 25 pages *before* the accident is mentioned. And Hemingway writes a thank-you note for a weekend with Fitzgerald at Ellerslie *before* he arrives there.

Reynolds doggedly focuses on the trivial and ignores the significant aspects of Hemingway's life. Many of the important points he mentions desperately need, but do not have, clarification. What exactly *was* Hemingway's "dark attraction" to lesbians? What did Pound mean by Hemingway's superior "manipulation of the external world"? Why did Hemingway's mother say most marriages ought to go "on the rocks" while his father insisted she was "heartbroken" about her son's divorce? There is no explanation of why in 1927 Hemingway's sister Madelaine said she could not come to Pamplona because her parents "have a horror for Fiestas and Spain in general—ever since your books," yet in 1928 his sister Marcelline was "vacationing in Spain." And Hemingway's false statement that he did not commit adultery with Pauline Pfeiffer is quoted, without comment, as if it were true.

Worst of all, for someone who has published half a dozen books on Hemingway, are the numerous factual errors. Calling a bull "virile" is absurd. A woman's confinement takes place *before*, not after, the birth of her child. The Hotel Brevoort is near Washington Square, not in midtown Manhattan. France does not celebrate the American Memorial Day. St. James never visited and was certainly not buried in Santiago de Compostela. Ezra Pound was not the father of his wife's son. The events in the Murphys' social life were not "unexpected," but always carefully planned. Gerald Murphy (who never wore a bowler) was not a "first-rate painter," but gave up painting (he said) because he was second-rate. Reynolds says Hemingway disliked "pre-winter weather." But the plaque under his statue in Ketchum reads: "Best of all, he liked the fall." Hemingway was not forced to "sign away his son and wife," but abandoned them for another woman. Pauline Pfeiffer did not give up her soul to marry Hemingway. She persuaded him to convert to Catholicism and hurt their marriage by refusing to practice birth control. Dos Passos, whom Reyn-

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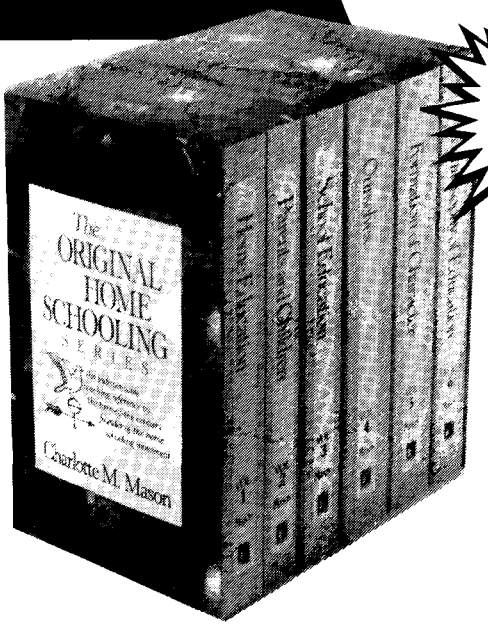

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olds says "never wanted to take sides," was passionately loyal to Sacco and Vanzetti and became violently opposed to the communists in Spain after they had killed his friend José Robles. And Jake Barnes' wound did not leave "his desire for Brett forever unsatisfied." In chapter VII of *The Sun Also Rises* she gives him some sexual satisfaction ("Do you feel better, darling? It's better.").

Reynolds, like Griffin, has been dragging out Hemingway's life—as if he were Leon Edel writing the life of Henry James—in numerous short volumes so that the total cost for the complete biography (with tiny print and unevenly inked pages) will be about $150. James Mellow's handsome volume, by contrast, covers the years described in Reynolds' book (March 1926 to April 1929) in 65 pages of text and notes, saying infinitely more about this period—in which Hemingway divorced, remarried, had a second son, suffered his father's suicide, published *The Sun Also Rises*, and wrote *A Farewell to Arms*—than Reynolds does in four times as many pages.

Mellow has not conducted any interviews, his subtitle (from "Soldier's Home") is confusing, and he is far too positive about A.E. Hotchner, who was loathed by everyone I spoke to. Like Kenneth Lynn, Mellow seems to dislike and lose interest in the older Hemingway and rushes through the last half of his adult life in only 80 pages. But these are minor flaws.

This thoroughly researched biography is long, but not too long; it cracks ahead at a lively pace and is consistently interesting. Though there is nothing much new in the book (it is virtually impossible to find new material at this stage of Hemingway studies), Mellow provides a valuable synthesis of all that is known about Hemingway. As Reynolds rightly observes, Hemingway believed that "whatever troubles a male friend might have, they were caused by his wife." Mellow emphasizes, in an original way, Hemingway's male friendships, his reliance on male intimacy in the face of danger, and his fear of the taint of homosexuality.

Mellow's judgments are consistently sound. He notes that the Hemingways, though comfortably well off, were not part of the Oak Park Country Club set. He believes that the temporary blindness of Hemingway's mother was psychosomatic, that Grace Hemingway was devoted to her son, and that the young Hemingway (contrary to Lynn's thesis) suffered no bad effects from cross-dressing. It is significant that Hemingway sometimes called his mother "Mrs. Stein" and described Gertrude Stein exactly as if she were his mother: "I stuck by that old bitch until she threw me out of the house when she lost her judgment with the menopause."

Mellow shows that the Indian girl Prudy Boulton was based more on fantasy than on reality, he illuminates Hemingway's ambivalence about his father, and he rightly suggests that Hemingway's wartime friend Jim Gamble might have been in love with him. Mellow shows that Hemingway's baptism was extremely dubious, though later convenient; that he suffered no permanent injuries from his war wounds, which gave him a sense of immortality; and that his wartime nurse Agnes von Kurowsky actually encouraged his courtship. He mentions the rivers running through Hemingway's works, as well as his use of secondhand sources to provide a realistic basis for his fiction, and rightly remarks that in *The Sun Also Rises*, "Hemingway followed Stein's advice rather than her example." In general, Mellow proves that there is always room for another intelligent, perceptive, and elegantly written biography.

Jeffrey Meyers, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, has published Hemingway: The Critical Heritage *and* Hemingway: A Biography. *His life of Poe appeared last year, and he is now writing a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald for HarperCollins.*

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Frontier Fantasies

by Gregory McNamee

Daniel Boone: The Life and Legend of an American Pioneer
by John Mack Faragher
New York: Henry Holt; 429 pp., $27.50

◆

Folklore is not history, and mythmakers hate complications. Finally we have a reliable life of Boone through the considerable efforts of John Mack Faragher, a professor of history at Mount Holyoke College whose earlier book *Women and Men on the Overland Trail* (1979) won the American Historical Association's prestigious Frederick Jackson Turner Award. *Daniel Boone* should earn him even greater accolades, for as a work of accessible history it has few contemporary peers.

A straightforward chronological narrative, *Daniel Boone* opens with the birth on October 22, 1734, of the son of a Quaker frontiersman, Squire Boone, who had emigrated to America from England 21 years earlier. As a boy in the upper Schuylkill valley of Pennsylvania, Daniel Boone learned the necessary country skills, so excelling in marksmanship that his neighbors hired him to do their hunting for them. He may have done his job too well, for as a young man Daniel found the hillsides already devoid of game. Coincidentally, Squire Boone was excommunicated from the Society of Friends in 1750 after Daniel's brother Israel married a "worldling," and the family no longer had reason to remain in the Quaker homeland. They relocated to a farmstead on the Yadkin River not far from Winston-Salem, North Carolina, from which Daniel began to operate a profes-

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sional hunting concern that took him into the Appalachians for months at a time.

Faragher details the worldly education that Boone's business required, pointing out how the frontiersman figure emerged as one of America's first heroic types. Most emigrants to the United States had little knowledge of hunting, the domain of the European nobility, and thus the hunter enjoyed a special status; the backwoods hunter had to acquire a knowledge of Indian ways, languages, and law ("the hunting way of life that developed in the backwoods depended on Indian knowledge and skill," Faragher notes), making him an intermediary between Europe and Native America and enhancing his reputation even more. Boone quickly became something of a local celebrity, and when the French and Indian War broke out General Edward Braddock sought the 21-year-old's services for the British cause.

As in Pennsylvania, overhunting depleted the stock of wild game in Blue Ridge country. In 1773 Boone led his family to Kentucky, where he had often hunted, but a Cherokee attack that killed his son James forced him to return to North Carolina for two years. In 1775 he served as scout for the company building the Wilderness Road, during which service he selected the site of Boonesborough (now Boonesboro) on the Kentucky River near present-day Lexington. When the Revolution came Boone was suspected of harboring Tory sentiments, both for having helped the British war against the Shawnee nation and for failing to express sufficient exuberance for the American cause. Still, his neighbors respected him, and at one point after the Revolution he was simultaneously a lieutenant colonel in the Kentucky militia, a representative in the Virginia state assembly, and a county sheriff, having been elected to all three posts.

His fame continued to grow. In 1783 one John Filson, a Pennsylvania schoolteacher, made the still-hazardous journey westward along the Ohio River into the deep woods to find Boone and the next year published a thoroughly romanticized book called *The Discovery, Settlement and Present State of Kentucke* . . . . The book failed to sell widely in the United States but was quickly translated into several European languages. Soon intellectuals like Johann Wolfgang von Goethe were holding Daniel Boone up as the model of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "natural man," and Lord Byron devoted several stanzas of his epic poem *Don Juan* to the frontiersman, calling Boone "happiest of mortals any where."

But Boone, as Faragher points out, was far from a noble savage. He loved to read, often quoting from the classics or reading books like *Gulliver's Travels* to his companions around the campfire (on a map of Kentucky you will find Lulbegrud Creek as evidence of Boone's love for Swift's book). Later writers would cite Boone's famous inscription "Cilled a bar on tree in the year 1760" as evidence of his marginal literacy, but, as Faragher notes, he was no more lax in his orthography than most of his contemporaries. Often portrayed as a violent country bumpkin—perhaps through association with the Lowland Scots migrants who came to America a decade after the last wave of Quakers—Boone was in fact careful of his grooming and appearance, a man of even disposition in whose household, a visitor reported, "an irritable expression was never heard." Indeed, Boone practiced Quaker tolerance, and as an old man, at the height of his fame, he frequently objected that he had only killed three Indians in his lifetime.

Boone may have been a great hunter and explorer, but in other pursuits he was less than self-sufficient. He often worked as a surveyor for land companies, traveling as far as New Orleans and eastern Texas in their service. (He complained that he could never afford to live anywhere those companies claimed territorial rights.) He wasn't much of a surveyor, Faragher notes; his own son Nathan admitted that Boone could deal with rectangles well enough but little more, and the irregular pattern of land holdings in Kentucky attests to his lack of skill. Nor does Boone seem to have been much of a businessman; at one point he owned some hundred thousand acres of land but lost most of it to swindlers. Boone later remarked to a visiting journalist that "while he could never with safety repose confidence in a Yankee, he had never been deceived by any Indian, and he should certainly prefer a state of nature to a state of civilization."

Still, the stories multiplied. The contradictory man who "contained multitudes"—the admirer of Indians who participated in their destruction, the slaveholder who cherished liberty, the devoted family man who prized solitude and would disappear into the woods for years at a time—was reduced to a simpleminded stalwart in his own lifetime. "Nothing embitters my old age more," Boone said, "than the circulation of absurd stories. . . . Many heroic actions and chivalrous adventures are related of me which exist only in the regions of fancy. With me the world has taken great liberties, and yet I have been but a common man." The "common man" finally had enough of his own legend, and in 1799 he removed his large extended family to Femme Osage, Missouri, then under Spanish rule. He had another incentive to quit the land he had helped settle: in 1791, Faragher tells us, a hunter killed the last Kentucky buffalo, and by the end of the century big game was scarce everywhere in the territory. Boone's celebrated habit of moving beyond the mountains when the smoke of a neighbor's chimney could be seen was an invention of later biographers, but he did object to being unable to provide for his family.

When death claimed Daniel Boone on September 26, 1820, at the age of 85, he was still very much alive as a figure of American folklore. As publicly disgusted as he had been with Kentucky, some of his bones were dug up 25 years after his death and reinterred under a monument in Frankfort, the state capital; the Kentucky politicians who engineered the move rightly reckoned that many visitors would descend on the site, and to this day the monument remains a popular tourist attraction. Thereafter scarcely a decade went by when some new biography or novel featuring Boone did not appear (Faragher does not say it, but James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* surely owe a great deal to the Boone legend). In our time many people learned of Boone through the immensely popular TV show of 1964 to 1970, in which, Faragher notes, Fess Parker simply reprised his portrayal of Davy Crockett in an earlier Disney movie, making the comparatively gentle Boone "the rippin'est, roarin'est, fightin'est man the frontier ever knew" and extending the legend even farther from the truth.

The real Boone is far more interesting than the mythical image, and thanks to John Mack Faragher's lively book we finally catch sight of him. *Daniel Boone* is

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full of surprises, full of tragedies, and full of life. A model of biographical writing, it will surely be the standard life of the frontiersman for a long while to come.

Gregory McNamee's latest book is Named in Stone and Sky: An Arizona Anthology *(University of Arizona Press).*

Men at War

by H.W. Crocker III

Quartered Safe Out Here: A Recollection of the War in Burma
by George MacDonald Fraser
London: Harvill/HarperCollins; 225 pp., £16.00

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Southerners have a special feeling for the pathos of history. They know what it is like to have a lost cause, a history that might be gone with the wind but is still resonant and noble for all that. The Southern Confederacy's almost-allies, the British, also have a sense of the pathos of history. But where the South's has come from defeat in war, Britain's has come from victory—a case of winner take nothing.

In his latest book, just published in England, George MacDonald Fraser writes with the bracing honesty of a former infantryman who wants the truth to be remembered and not swallowed in the memory-hole created by purveyors of political correctness. The book begins, "The first time I smelt Jap was in a dry-river bed. . . ." *Smelt. Jap.* Oh dear. George MacDonald Fraser is someone for whom the truth isn't a political plaything; it is what he saw, heard, experienced, and . . . smelt. He doesn't intend to cater to the prejudices of the young or the ideological, and he's in no mood to apologize for himself or his fellow soldiers. For him the truth is merely true. That makes him a dangerous, but entertaining, fellow.

For those not familiar with his literary corpus, George MacDonald Fraser is the author of the joyous Flashman novels chronicling the robust rovings of a rogue of an English officer in Queen Victoria's Empire, an accomplished writer of humorous short stories describing life in a Scottish regiment and its disgraceful Private McAuslan, and the cheeky screenwriter of such movies as *The Three Musketeers*, *The Four Musketeers*, and *Octopussy*.

Quartered Safe Out Here is the true story of Fraser's own service as a 19-year-old infantryman in the 17th Black Cat Division of General Slim's 14th Army; the story of brave, swearing old sweats, grumbling and fighting their way through the heat, the rain, the snakes, the leeches, the mosquitos, and the Japs. It was a good war for Fraser, and he is proud of his service in what he reckons—with its Gurkhas, Africans, and Indians—was the most multinational army since the time of Rome, and one just about as experienced at keeping the imperial peace. When George MacDonald Fraser went to war in Burma, he wore the ring of his great-uncle, buried in Afghanistan, who had gone to war under General Roberts. His grandmother greeted Chamberlain's declaration of war with a simple sigh: "Well, the men will be going away again," as they had gone away and died in the Crimea, in all parts of the tropics, and on the Western front in France.

Near the end of *Quartered Safe Out Here*, Fraser makes a case—like most servicemen who risked their lives on the blood-soaked beachheads of the Pacific and in the malarial swamps of the Far East to defeat Imperial Japan—in favor of America's dropping of the atom bomb on Nippon. But he also imagines what the result would have been if his own section—a rough but steady lot of tough Cumbrian borderers with a natural talent for scrounging their way through life—had been told that the war could end either immediately with the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki or more slowly through an indefinite continuation of the slogging warfare that had occupied them for the last six years in monsoon-drenched jungles against an enemy that preferred a *banzai* charge to surrender:

> They would have cried, "Aw, fook that!" with one voice, and then would have sat about, snarling, and lapsed into silence, and then someone would have said heavily, "Aye, weel," and got to his feet, and been asked, "W'eer th' 'ell you gan, then?" and given no reply, and at last the rest would have got up, too, gathering their gear with moaning and foul language and ill-tempered harking back to the long dirty bloody miles from Imphal boxes to the Sittang Bend and the iniquity of having to do it again, slinging their rifles and bickering about who was to go on point, and "Ah's aboot 'ed it, me!" and "You, ye bugger, ye're knackered afower you start, you!" and "We'll a' get killed!" and then they would have been moving south [to fight the Japanese in Malaya]. Because that is the kind of men they were. And that is why I have written this book.

They were not the sort of men who, as Fraser points out, would have needed "'counselling' on how to 'relate' to members of the opposite sex after a few months in the desert," as American troops required in the Persian Gulf War.

Indeed, Fraser does an excellent job of garroting the modern idiocy of "sensitivity" and "counselling." And he, though an old newspaperman himself, has harsh words for an overly inquisitive media obscenely poking their microphones in the faces of war-weary grunts, straining to find "post-traumatic stress" among every Tom, Dick, and Harry. As Fraser notes, "One wonders how Londoners survived the Blitz without the interference of unqualified, jargon-mumbling 'counsellors'. . . . Fortunately for the world, my generation didn't suffer from spiritual hypochondria—but then, we couldn't afford it. By modern standards, I'm sure we, like the whole population who endured the war, were ripe for counselling, but we were lucky; there were no counsellors. I can regret, though, that there were no modern television 'journalists,' transported back in time, to ask Grandarse [a member of his section]: 'How did you *feel* when you saw Corporal Little shot dead?' I would have liked to hear the reply."

And he is just as good at demolishing the presumption of the academics-with-condescending-tones who are wont to explain, to the delight of the historyless youths in their charge, how the primitives of England in the 1940's were fed a steady diet of propaganda that "inflicted" lasting damage on "intelligence, honesty, complexity, ambiguity, and irony." "The British people," Fraser reminds us, "were not stupid; they had been to war before, and knew all about

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its realities at first hand . . . . [H]ow you can inflict damage on complexity, ambiguity, and irony, is not clear to me or, I suggest, to anyone who prefers plain English to jargon. Obviously the war influenced people's thinking permanently, but to call such shaping of the mind 'lasting damage' is fatuous. One might as well say that forty years of comparative peace have inflicted 'lasting damage' on modern intelligence, and adduce modern theories about the 1940s as proof."

The war has certainly not inflicted any lasting loss of irony on Fraser's sharp mind. He muses on how he, though too young to vote himself, sympathized with his colleagues who were conspirators against the greatest statesman of our time—growling, jowly Winston. In his case, it was because the Labour candidate for his home constituency was a patient of his father, a Scots physician; he also genuinely sympathized with his fellow soldiers who wanted a Great Britain that guaranteed them freedom from the terrible insecurity of the Depression. They got that, but lost much more. The Britain, Fraser laments,

> they see in their old age is hardly the "land fit for heroes" that they envisaged. . . . They did not fight for a Britain which would be dishonestly railroaded into Europe against the people's will; they did not fight for a Britain where successive governments, by their weakness and folly, would encourage crime and violence on an unprecedented scale; they did not fight for a Britain where thugs and psychopaths could murder and maim and torture and never have a finger laid on them for it; they did not fight for a Britain whose leaders would be too cowardly to declare war on terrorism . . . they did not fight for a Britain where children could be snatched away from their homes and parents by night on nothing more than the good old Inquisition principle of secret information; they did not fight for a Britain whose churches and schools would be undermined by fashionable reformers; they did not fight for a Britain where choice could be anathematized as "discrimination"; they did not fight for a Britain where to hold by truths and values which have been thought good and worthy for a thousand years would be to run the risk of being called "fascist"—that, really, is the greatest and most pitiful irony of all.
>
> No, it is not what they fought for—but being realists they accept what they cannot alter, and reserve their protests for the noise pollution of modern music in their pubs.

The truth today is, unfortunately, everywhere an object of reeducation. But if you get a chance to hop across the pond, do pick up a copy of George MacDonald Fraser's book and restore your sense of belonging to a brotherhood of men who fight and endure for causes that, whether they end in victory or defeat, are, alas, always betrayed by powerful men who don't keep the faith. *Nil desperandum.*

H.W. Crocker III is at work on the great trans-Atlantic novel.

Let Them Eat Brie

by William R. Hawkins

The Highest Stakes: The Economic Foundations of the Next Security System
by Wayne Sandholtz, Michael Borrus, John Zysman, Ken Conca, Jay Stowsky, Steven Vogel, and Steve Weber
New York: Oxford University Press; 272 pp., $29.95

◆

The Berkeley Roundtable on the International Economy (BRIE) has been in the forefront in devising the new paradigm of strategic trade and industrial policy. This set of essays by BRIE members articulates the group's view of how the major national economies grow, innovate, and compete with one another and examines the various alternative world orders that could emerge from the struggle for wealth and the dominance of markets. The interests of national communities will continue to clash, the contributors believe. Indeed, the world, they argue, is seeing a resurgence of nationalist passion: people the world over are striving to control their particular collective destinies. We are entering "an era in which 'security threat' no longer refers just to tanks and missiles but also to the control of markets, investment and technology; an era that recycles old security vocabulary to fit new issues: market share, protectionism, relative gains from trade."

That a strong economy is the ultimate basis of national power is an ancient and universal concept that has been forgotten of late in the United States, leftists having assumed that once capitalism had created the means of production, bureaucrats could simply take over the humming machinery, managing distribution and assuring universal peace. On the right, many observers have fallen prey to the classical liberal view that economics should be separated from politics, an argument adopted to counter the leftist program without due regard to its origins or broader implications: classical liberals concocted the notion of an autonomous economy simply to deny the power of industry to ambitious statesmen. As the arch-liberal Richard Cobden stated in 1842, "It would be well to engraft our free trade agitation upon the peace movement. They are one and the same." *Laissez-faire* was considered to be the economic equivalent of disarmament, and it is refuted by the same logic.

At the core of both socialist and classical liberal thought is the assumption that production can take care of itself. Most economic models treat technology as an exogenous variable which appears randomly and to which the system automatically adapts. Yet production is not easy, nor rapid progress assured. Every effort, including advantageous public policy, must be made in behalf of national improvement.

BRIE sees a serious weakening of the United States within the ranks of the advanced capitalist powers: "[I]nternational markets for technology, manufacture, and finance no longer unquestioningly support U.S. industrial leadership." They reject both the "overstretch" and "catch-up" explanations. America's foreign commitments did not overtax the economy when they were made in the early decades of the Cold War. Rather, a sluggish economy has in recent years fallen out from under these commitments.

The fatalistic view holds that a rela-

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tive decline in American power was inevitable as Europe and Japan rebuilt after World War II. Yet this thesis implies that either technology reached a plateau or markets failed to expand, allowing others to catch up as the United States was blocked from advancing further. However, the real world has demonstrated the opposite of these static conditions. The rebuilding was completed in the 1960's, after which the struggle for supremacy began. That the United States has not stayed well in the lead in this dynamic contest must be blamed not on fate but on misguided policy.

Tadeusz Mycek

Real economic growth averaged only 2 percent during the period 1973-1991, compared to 3.6 percent for the period 1950-1972. Even the best period since 1973, President Reagan's second term, did not attain the 1950-1973average. Both real wage rates at home and the value of the dollar overseas have dropped since 1973. Besides having an adverse impact on American living standards, this trend has made the projection of American power in the world more difficult. The United States used to earn trade surpluses and substantial net returns on foreign investments, paid in a strong currency. It could afford overseas troop deployments, bases, and aid to allies. Now trade deficits, a weaker dollar, and a net debtor status have made active policy a burden many feel is too heavy to bear.

Between 1965 and 1990, the United States dropped from first to eighth place in manufacturing GDP per capita among the 25 richest nations. And between 1970 and 1990 the American lead in GDP over the second and third largest economies dropped from a 4-1 ratio to mere parity.

Losses in traditional industries were once considered acceptable because they released resources for more productive fields. However, America has also been losing ground in capital goods, advanced materials, and high-tech sectors. BRIE disputes the notion of "sunset" and "sunrise" industries as well as the alleged substitutability of services for manufacturing: "High-tech sunrise sectors largely make producer goods: equipment, components, subsystems, machinery and advanced materials used to produce final products for consumers. The sunrise sector goods are applied across the economy to help transform production and products in traditional industries. The traditional industries are vital clients." As to services, "Critical areas of the service sector are linked to manufacturing, and their capacity to support income growth will erode as manufacturing loses position."

Steven Vogel devotes his essay to the military implications of Japan's commercial technology. A BRIE theme is that the trade wars have already spawned new generations of militarily relevant technology: microchip devices that are highly sophisticated, very reliable, and inexpensive. Steve Weber and John Zysman argue that "it is now the civilian sector that will frequently generate the supply base of skills, product knowledge, process know-how, components and subsystems required to produce the military products. Without the related commercial industry, it will not be possible to produce the specialized military goods." Japan's top defense contractors are also its leading commercial combines: Mitsubishi, Kawasaki, Toshiba, Komatsu, Fuji, Hitachi.

Jay Stowsky assesses the role of such "spin-ons" in the American military. If handled correctly, the conversion of the defense industry to commercial production will actually strengthen the military-industrial base—provided that American commercial enterprises can be made strong enough to survive attacks by foreign rivals. Wayne Sandholtz and Zysman discuss Europe's emergence as a global contender in reaction to the changing balance between the United States and Japan. Ken Conca analyzes the military-industrial revolution in the Third World.

As is common in the burgeoning literature on strategic economic policy, BRIE pays lip service to the liberal ideal of a peaceful world of free trade where national rivalries have faded and no one need worry about security or dependency. However, the logic of their argument leads back to the real world or to contending states where trade is less about mutual gain than about creating national advantages: strategic trade is not simply a matter of one-time gains or losses resulting when one government's policy assists its firms to gain a share in global markets to the disadvantage of its trading partners. National position for particular firms is not the only issue, nor is the current position of one nation in the international economy its final reward. Future gains and losses in terms of each nation's dynamic potential are also at stake.

Trade and industrial policies affect a nation's "trajectory" because much of technology is the product of incremental development, proprietary knowledge, and "learning by doing." Losing key sectors of the techno-industrial matrix may sidetrack an entire economy, making it dependent on others for critical contributions and developments. It cannot control what it cannot produce. It becomes a follower rather than a leader, a status that translates from economics into politics and becomes a threat to security as well as to prosperity.

Under the misnamed "supply-side" program, taxes were shifted from individuals to businesses, incentives for capital formation and investment in research and production were eliminated, and strategies for managed trade and industrial promotion were mocked—all in the name of liberal principles that had already failed elsewhere, including in their country of origin. Yet it is a function of competition to expose self-delusion and to punish with defeat those who refuse to learn.

In the late 1980's, productivity was stagnant and real nonresidential investment fell; the weakness of the underlying economy slowed recovery from the 1991 recession. In order to achieve national economic recovery, both American political parties must abandon their futile posturing and learn from the work being done by BRIE and other strategic thinkers. Ideologues may be willing to lose rather than compromise their pet theories, but statesmen are remembered for discovering ways for their country to prevail.

William R. Hawkins is director of the Economic Security Action Center of the U.S. Business and Industrial Council.

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Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Mississippi Musing

◆

Back in February, a *USA Today* story on black historical sites mentioned a "Black Confederate Memorial" in Canton, Mississippi, a "20-foot obelisk . . . built in 1894 to honor Harvey's Scouts, one of the black units that operated behind Union lines to harass supply shipments." As it happened, I read that story while spending some time in Jackson, 20 miles or so south of Canton. Visions of a lucrative screenplay dancing in my head, I set out through a chilly February rain to find the monument.

Canton turned out to be a pleasant county seat that Sherman somehow neglected to burn (unlike Jackson, which was known as "Chimneyville" when old Cump got through with it). I drove past a charming little Episcopal church and a number of imposing houses from the days of King Cotton to the classic courthouse square, where I asked several citizens, black and white, where their nationally advertised monument could be found. None of them knew anything about it. Finally, a lady in a gift shop on the square thought she might know what I was looking for (at least she knew what an "obelisk" is), and I followed her directions to the edge of town. Sure enough, there it was, surrounded by a cast iron railing. I got out and trudged through the drizzle for a closer look.

The inscriptions on the base were worn almost to illegibility, and I had to smear them with some cold mud before I could read the words. The first was straightforward enough ("Loyal Faithful True / Were Each and All of Them"), but the next read, "Erected by W.H. Howcott to the Memory of the Good and Loyal Servants Who Followed the Fortunes of Harvey Scouts During the Civil War." Hmmm. Did *USA Today* get it wrong? Surely not. But the last inscription clinched it. "A Tribute to My Faithful Servant and Friend, Willis Howcott," it said. "A Colored Boy of Rare Loyalty and Faithfulness, Whose Memory I Cherish With Deep Gratitude. / W.H. Howcott." So much for my screenplay. It would have been a hard sell, anyway.

There are lessons here that the rest of my time in Mississippi only served to confirm, beginning with the fact that you shouldn't believe everything you hear or read about the place. Another lesson is that history is close to the surface here, but, like those inscriptions, it's not always easy to read, and once you've made it out it's not always clear what it means.

* * *

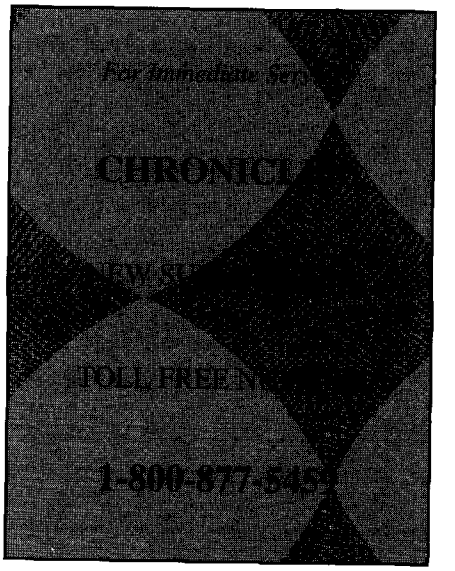
One Sunday, I drove the 45 minutes to Vicksburg. Touring the siege lines in my rented Geo Metro, half-remembered poems by Allen Tate and James Dickey floating in my head, I mused as I often do on the sheer unrecoverable *otherness* of the past. (Not for me, I'm afraid, Faulkner's famous line about its not being dead, not even past.) Surrounded by visiting Boy Scouts and Midwesterners in Winnebagos, I found it almost impossible to reconstruct the noise and heat, the smoke and blood, much less the sentiments and emotions that drove those men. And here the Park Service's otherwise excellent maps and taped commentary were no help at all.

Amid the grandiose monuments erected by various northern states to their veterans I almost missed the modest marker for a West Virginia unit. West-by-God-Virginia. What prompted those mountain boys to come all this way to fight, and some of them to die, in the sweltering heat of a Mississippi summer? I doubt that the sentiments of Julia Ward Howe's pious battle hymn had much to do with it. Hatred for the haughty lowlanders I could believe, or even just the adventure of it, and once you've begun it's hard to quit. But how about the good and loyal servants of the Harvey Scouts? What could have been in *their* minds, as they helped their masters fight the blue-belly invaders? Could it have been as simple as the friendship Mr. Howcott claims? Even Howcott himself: When he put up his imposing monument to Willis and the others, whom did he want to impress? His neighbors? The Yankees of 1894? Us? How could we ever hope to know?

Of the hundreds of monuments that litter the park at Vicksburg my favorite is Missouri's. That state had sons on both sides, and the monument honors them all. At one point hostile Missouri units faced each other across a scant few yards of no-man's land. During a cease-fire, the Park Service tape informs us, an officer of the Confederate unit visited his Union counterpart across the lines. As he was leaving, the Union officer expressed the hope that they would meet again, in a restored Union. "The only union I hope to share with you, sir," his fellow-Missourian replied, "is in the Hereafter."

It's interesting to see how the park's tape and brochures and videos and monuments treat the Confederates. In general, they cleave to what I've come to think of as "the old settlement," the consensus that obtained from the 1890's until quite recently. They treat the war's outcome as providential (this is the federal Park Service, after all), but the Confederates are granted their valor and good faith. That tacit agreement is certainly under attack these days in venues other than Civil War battlefield parks, and I wonder how much longer it will last even there.

But even if the interpretations change, some inconvenient facts will remain, to keep us honest. As we think about what that war was about, and why men fought (not exactly the same question), we need to remember not only the Southerners in the Union Army but also "Northern men of Southern principles"



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like General Pemberton, the Confederate commander at Vicksburg, who was a Pennsylvanian. And there's that stone obelisk in Canton, whatever it means. Things are never as simple as we might like them to be.

* * *

Moving on to the town of Vicksburg itself, I surveyed the remains of that once-bustling riverport, among them many fine houses now turned into bed-and-breakfast establishments. The big news locally was that riverboat gambling has been approved, which everyone seems to expect will revitalize the local economy. A number of other Mississippi River and Gulf Coast towns already have floating casinos, and so far the economic bonanza seems to be real enough. I don't entirely understand, however, why this Baptist-Methodist state has suddenly become so enthusiastic for this one kind of gambling. It must be something like Harry Golden's scheme for "vertical integration." Golden noticed that Southern whites insisted on segregation only for activities that involved blacks and whites sitting together, so he proposed taking the seats out of restaurants, schools, and buses. Just so, gambling seems to be OK in Mississippi only if you're afloat. (My favorite example is the Splash Casino, on a boat moored in some sort of bog in land-locked Tunica County, where the managers now have a problem because the water level is falling. I picture guys with garden hoses trying to get it back up before the state inspector arrives with his dipstick.)

Anyway, no visitor to Vicksburg should miss a curious little museum in the old courthouse building. A half-dozen cluttered rooms display relics of native Indians and of prominent local families, mementos of the cave-dwelling days during the siege, Coca-Cola memorabilia (the first Coke was supposedly bottled in Vicksburg), the Louisiana banknote with the word "Dix" (by one theory the origin of the word "Dixieland"), photographs of steamboat races and famous roustabouts, and literally hundreds of other souvenirs of Vicksburg life. I was reminded by this delightful omnium gatherum of Shane Leslie's description of the museum in Reading at the turn of the century: a relic looted from a nearby abbey at the Reformation was displayed in a glass case, labeled "Hand of Saint James."

* * *

When my wife came to visit, I took her back to Vicksburg, and we had Sunday dinner at a restaurant high on a bluff over the Mississippi, next to one of the Confederate artillery emplacements that had failed to keep the Yankee gunboats from slipping past in the dark of one fateful night. Below us, the Interstate spanned the great river now, carrying 18-wheelers and tourists west to Texas and beyond, and the river traffic was confined to barges. As we were leaving, I noticed among the signed pictures of celebrities in the foyer one of Alex Haley—another Southerner who tried to make the past speak and who (it now appears) finally had to put words in its mouth.

John Shelton Reed has returned to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, from Millsaps College in Jackson, where he was Eudora Welty Professor of Southern Studies. His latest book, My Tears Spoiled My Aim and Other Reflections on Southern Culture, *was recently published by the University of Missouri Press.*

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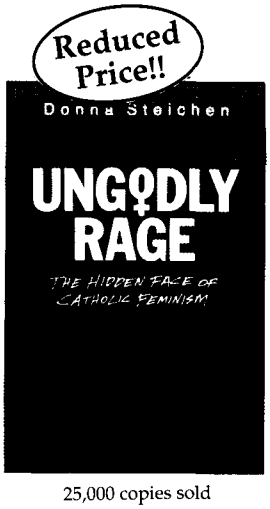

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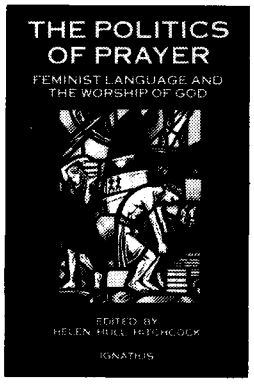

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Merchants of Death of Sunset Boulevard

by Bill Kauffman

Who Owned Hollywood?

Playwright Robert Sherwood, the six-foot-seven weather vane of mid-century liberalism, once complained, "The trouble with me is that I start off with a big message and end with nothing but good entertainment." That's no trouble at all, as writer-director Preston Sturges insisted in his wonderful film *Sullivan's Travels* (1941), but then Sherwood was unduly modest. On back lots and in ginny writers' conferences, he and others in Hollywood's prewar "creative community"—I use the *Entertainment Tonight* locution—connived to turn the parochial mind-your-own-business citizens of fly-over land into battle-primed belligerents. Our shell-shocked nation has never recovered.

Adolf Hitler said of Sergei Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin*, "This is a film which could turn anyone into a Bolshevik." Beginning in 1939, the spectacle of our stateside Eisensteins, many of them foreign-bred, urging American natives to sacrifice their sons for Winston Churchill provoked a brief, sad, and futile protest by the pugnacious guardians of the Old Republic.

Under the influence of European-born moguls, immigrant directors, and British actors, "movies have ceased to be instruments of entertainment," charged North Dakota Senator Gerald P. Nye. "They have become the most gigantic engines of propaganda in existence to rouse the war fever in America and plunge this Nation to her destruction." Nye, an agrarian populist and legendary scourge of the masters of war, was his chamber's champion muckraker. Between 1934 and 1936 he led a Senate investigation exposing the "merchants of death": those "great American and European bankers and the powerful international munitions makers" who had suckered us into the First World War, or so Nye believed. He dedicated the rest of his career to preventing a replay. Alas for poor Nye, Hollywood had retaliatory powers beyond J.P. Morgan and Company's wildest dreams.

Nye made his case in an August 1, 1941, nationwide radio address. "Before we plow a million boys under the dust and mud of Africa, Indo China, France, and far away Russia," the senator declared, we ought to examine why "movie companies have been operating as war propaganda machines almost as if they were being directed from a single central bureau." Nye named several films—among them *That Hamilton Woman*, *Man Hunt*, and *Sergeant York*—that "whip up the warrior spirit in young men, glorify militarism," and altogether ignore Sam Goldwyn's sly dictum, "If you have a message, send it Western Union."

Nye's target was clear. He was an Anglophobe, like so many Middle American populists, and he had no desire to sacrifice Dakota farmboys in order to pull the British Empire's chestnuts out of the fire. (In 1933 the North Dakota Senate had voted to secede from the Union, in part to extricate the state from the tentacular grip of the Wall Street-British octopus.) "Go to Hollywood," Nye urged his auditors in radio land. "The place swarms with refugees. It also swarms with British actors." This charming Anglophobia, though jarring to modern ears, acted as a brake on the Wise Men. It has, regrettably, gone the way of anti-Masonry and the free coinage of silver. When we hear maledictions against Hollywood today we sniff for anti-Semitism; Nye, unfortunately, played down to our expectations by stating: "There are eight major film companies. The men who dominate policy in these companies—own or direct them—are well known to you." He then rattled them off: Louis B. Mayer, Harry and Jack Cohn, Adolph Zukor, Joseph Schenck, Arthur Loew, Sam Goldwyn . . . you get the picture. Exotic names, none too American-sounding. Most were Jewish.

The reaction was fierce and immediate. "This was deliberately cooked up for the double purpose of terrorizing the Jews on one hand to keep them from active participation in the anti-isolationist fight and on the other to arouse public prejudice against the interventionist cause on the Jew Angle," fumed the prolix hawk Robert S. Allen.

Braving a hailstorm of vilification, Nye and his senatorial confrere Burton K. Wheeler arranged subcommittee hearings to investigate the propaganda activities of the motion picture and radio industries. Nye, a scrapper, kicked things off by asserting that the film industry was run by men "born abroad and animated by the persecutions and hatreds of the Old World." Many directors "come from Russia, Hungary, Germany, and the Balkan countries." (This was true, by the way, if veracity matters.) Applying to anti-Semitism his most stinging epithet—"un-American"—Nye insisted that "those primarily responsible for the propaganda pictures are born abroad. They came to our land and took citizenship here entertaining violent animosities toward certain causes abroad. . . . If they lose sight of what some Americans might call the first interests of America in times like these, I can excuse them. But their prejudices by no means necessitate our closing our eyes to these interests and refraining from undertaking to correct their error."

Nye's economic determinism led him to look at the export market for films. "If Britain loses, seven of the eight leading companies will be wiped out." The question, then, was this: "Are you ready

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to send your boys to bleed and die in Europe to make the world safe for this industry and its financial backers?" The imputation here is too harsh, but again, Nye is at least arguably correct. *Variety* reported that in 1939 the foreign market—with England leading the way—accounted for one-third of American film company revenues.

The motion picture industry shelled out $100,000 to its counsel, Wendell Willkie, the barefoot boy from Wall Street whose 1940 Republican presidential nomination was largely engineered by House of Morgan henchman Thomas Lamont. (We used to be such a little village. Lamont's sidekick Dwight Morrow had an ethereal daughter named Anne who fell in love with the stubborn Swede who had piloted the *Spirit of St. Louis*. This handsome public face of the America First movement, Charles Lindbergh, disliked his in-laws and all "anglophile bankers.") Willkie called Senator Nye's testimony "divisive," which meant, then as now, that his shovel was hitting a little too close to the buried treasure for comfort.

The best witness was John T. Flynn, recently fired from the *New Republic*, a left-wing antimonopolist and author of the best-selling *Country Squire in the White House*. Flynn disclaimed any interest in censorship. What he decried was "monopoly control" by the major studios, many with ties to the beleaguered isle. Unlike Nye, who was no cineast, Flynn actually went to the movies.

He took a particular scunner to the Laurence Olivier-Vivien Leigh sudser *That Hamilton Woman*, a romantic account of the affair between Lord Admiral Horatio Nelson and Lady Emma Hamilton. The film glorified decadent Old World adulterers and pushed a pro-intervention line with such clumsy earnestness that American moviegoers must have exited theaters all afire to have their Republic declare war on Napoleon. (Gore Vidal has discussed, with customary wit and percipience, the peculiar charms of *That Hamilton Woman* in his recent *Screening History*.)

Flynn pointed out that director Alexander Korda was a British subject, as was Charles Chaplin, a major stockholder in United Artists, which produced the film. Counsel Willkie laughed at the foolish nativist; the next day's *New York Times* dripped with haughty scorn for Flynn the gutsy liberal turned xenophobic nut. Years later it was revealed—by his nephew Michael, among others—that Korda had been Churchill's man in Hollywood. Sir Winston himself penned one of Lord Nelson's overwrought speeches. Korda was an agent of British intelligence; his New York and Los Angeles offices were fronts for his country's espionage operations. Flynn was ragged but he was right. Korda should have been deported as a spy. While brave English boys were dying in defense of their homeland, Korda and his ex-prostitute wife Merle Oberon were sunning themselves in Bel Air.

Witness Flynn was marvelous: he spoke with acuity, asperity, and passion. "Why is it that no picture is produced depicting the tyrannies and oppressions in India where at the moment there are 20,000 Indian patriots in jail?" he asked. "No, what we get are pictures . . . glorifying the magnificence, humanity, and democracy of the British Empire"—usually made by subjects of that empire.

Willkie ridiculed Flynn's obsession with "the old monopoly humbug." Within the decade, the Department of Justice would find that humbug to be quite real and order the studios to divest themselves of their thousands of theaters. But see how the ground was shifting under Flynn's feet: a Wall Street flunky was defending monopoly and war and foreign spies, and the liberals cheered.

Where Flynn and Nye went off the rails was in pinning the blame on foreign-born directors. Their anticipation of auteur theory is commendable, but far more culpable were the screenwriters who were, as a group, solidly pro-war—and mostly American-born. Of course these bespectacled self-hating rumdum hacks avoided the abattoir themselves. Hell, as Charles Montague observed, hath no fury like a noncombatant.

It is a curious forgotten fact that before Pearl Harbor most "real" writers—novelists and poets and essayists—were antiwar: Edmund Wilson, e.e. cummings, Theodore Dreiser, H.L. Mencken, Robert Penn Warren, Sinclair Lewis, William Saroyan . . . the list is long and multifarious. Yet nearly all the top Hollywood scenarists were rabid for war, and the exceptions—Donald Ogden Stewart, for instance—were often Communist Party foot soldiers whose plowshares transubstantiated into swords once Hitler betrayed Stalin. (The most outspoken Hollywood opponent of American involvement in the war, Lillian Gish, was virtually blacklisted for her pacific heresy.)

The dour Mr. Sherwood, whom Noël Coward dubbed "this nine foot tower of gloom," was typical. A native-born graduate of Milton and Harvard, Sherwood wrote a series of pacifist-flavored works culminating with *Idiot's Delight*, winner of the 1936 Pulitzer Prize. The play is something of a screwball antiwar comedy. A motley crew—vaudevillians, newlyweds, a doctor seeking a cure for cancer, a fake White Russian countess, and others—is detained at a mountain resort on the Italian-Swiss border as the next world war breaks out. Bombers are taking off from an adjacent runway; the detainees are desperate to make it into neutral Switzerland. Among those present is Achille Weber, a munitions manufacturer whom an idealistic young Frenchman denounces as a "merchant of death" who has armed belligerents on all sides. Sherwood has imbibed 90-proof Nye: at one point in the play (though not, signally, in the film version thereof) we are told that England instigated this new war to preserve her empire.

The playwright evidently hates war; he is capable of raw, brutal descriptions of its carnage. Irene, the phony countess, imagines a pregnant woman in a bombed-out cellar, "her firm young breasts are all mixed up with the bowels of a dismembered policeman, and the embryo from her womb is splattered against the face of a dead bishop." The line did not make it into the film. Nor did Irene's declaration of conscience, "I'll tell you what you can do in these tragic circumstances. You can refuse to fight!"

The film *Idiot's Delight* starred Clark Gable and Norma Shearer. Released in 1939, it was—despite the prissy expurgations—the last of a string of 30's Hollywood movies embodying the Nye-ish belief that we'd been tricked into the First World War and wouldn't get fooled again. When Clark Gable, a wisecracking American vet and two-bit impresario, sneers at the idea of "fight[ing] to make the world safe for democracy—again," he is rebuking Woodrow Wilson and his globalist heirs.

Sherwood was one of the few talented American writers who aligned himself with the New Deal; he even ghostwrote fireside chats. By the time *Idiot's Delight* was released, its author was blowing

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with the wind, recanting his antiwar convictions with alacrity, if not anguish. Sherwood's second Pulitzer Prize winner, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* (published in 1938, filmed in 1940), was derived from Carl Sandburg's fantasy and can be read as an allegory urging American intervention in Europe. As peace sentiment became less fashionable, Sherwood went whole hog for war, writing the agitprop *There Shall Be No Night* and overseeing the propaganda machine in the Office of War Information.

To his shame, Sherwood ghosted FDR's infamous October 30, 1940, pledge to the "mothers and fathers" of America: "I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign war." Sherwood later confessed that he knew this was a lie, but by that time the lofty old conceit about speaking Truth to Power had collapsed to the more familiar job of speaking Falsehoods for Power.

Sherwood's apostasy was bitter. His script for William Wyler's overwhelming (and, at times, quite moving) homecoming epic *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1946) contains a memorable scene in which Harold Russell, a boy-next-door who has come back from the war with pincers where his hand used to be, and Dana Andrews, a decorated vet now toiling as a soda jerk, get into a row with a nervous little man at a lunch counter who bears what cannot be a coincidental resemblance to Thomas E. Dewey.

"It's terrible when you see a guy like you who had to sacrifice himself—and for what?" our Dewey stand-in says darkly, staring at Russell's prothesis.

"For what? I don't getcha mister," replies Russell.

"We let ourselves get sold down the river. We were pushed into that war."

"Sure, by the Japs and the Nazis."

"No," gusts Dewey. "The Germans and the Japs had nothing against us. They just wanted to fight the limeys and the Reds, and they woulda whipped 'em too, if we didn't get deceived into it by a bunch of radicals in Washington."

Dana Andrews tells the loudmouth to beat it. He stands to leave, grumbling, "And that's another thing. Every soda jerk in this country's got an idea he's somebody."

"Look mister," Russell demands. "Just what are you sellin'?"

"I'm not selling anything but plain old-fashioned Americanism," declares Dewey.

Russell snatches something from the man's lapel, and it falls to the floor. They scuffle, and Andrews lands a roundhouse to Dewey's jaw, sending him sprawling. Russell retrieves the item from the floor. It is an American flag pin. Russell carefully sticks it on his own lapel.

See how cleverly Sherwood fixed the game. The Nye position—that Americans are dragged into foreign wars by external influences—is presented as reactionary poison peddled by impolite creeps who detest President-for-Life Roosevelt. Peace, it seems, is for right-wing cranks. The Nyes, populist Main Streeters, sneer at uppity soda jerks in Sherwood's world. "Americanism" is a hate-crime, though the flag is recaptured by the spunky crippled vet. Our hero was maimed by "those radicals in Washington," but he's still willing to fight on their behalf. Mr. Sherwood has come a long way from *Idiot's Delight*.

In later years the makers of such films were remarkably honest about their intentions. Jack Warner boasted of the tendentiousness of such Warner productions as *Espionage Agent* (1939), in which an American peace group is a Nazi front, and *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (1939), which I have not seen but which the *New Republic*'s Otis Ferguson ripped as "a hate-breeder" made for "playboy intellectuals . . . charging around proclaiming the duty to go into battle of somebody else." Fritz Lang's *Man Hunt* (1941), a personal favorite, finds big-game hunter Walter Pidgeon being chased through the alleys of London by monocled Nazi George Sanders, who bellows, "Today Europe, tomorrow the world!"

The jewel of the Crown offensive was MGM's *Mrs. Miniver*, which began shooting one month before Pearl Harbor. The masterly William Wyler directed; he later called the picture "perfect as propaganda." The film can make an Irish Republican wave the Union Jack; even the most indurated Anglophobe will be reduced to tears. The English, we are told in the prologue, are a "happy, careless people," and every stock character in Albion—the snobbish dowager, the g-dropping pub crawler, the socially conscious Oxonian, the ditzy chambermaid—lives in the Minivers' cheerful village. Class differences melt in the crucible of war, and this cohesive community resists Nazi aggression with pluck and patriotism. England is Greer Garson and the luminous Teresa Wright, and what red-blooded American boy wouldn't fight for that? (Miss Wright, minus the accent, was also the prize awaiting returning Americans in *The Best Years of Our Lives*.) *Mrs. Miniver* ends with the doughty villagers singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" in a ruined chapel. In a spicy bit of irony, *Idiot's Delight* ended on stage—but not on film—with Irene and Harry humming the same hymn, to rather different effect.

Exposing the evils of Nazism (as Frank Borzage did in his fine *The Mortal Storm*) was not enough; nor was fitting Englishmen for halos. American peace leaders—most of them old liberals opposed to war and regimentation—had to be recast as jackbooted heavies with suspicious five-o'clock shadows. One of the most despicable such Hollywood efforts was the little-known Hepburn-Tracy film *Keeper of the Flame*, scripted by wealthy Communist Donald Ogden Stewart from a novel by Ida A.R. Wylie and directed by the talented "women's director" George Cukor. The film was written in the fall of 1941 and released in 1942.

The opening credits roll against scudding louring clouds, as though we are piloting an airplane encountering frightful turbulence. As the picture begins we see a car hurtling off a bridge in a rainstorm; it strikes the ground and explodes into flames. The spinning newspapers of movie cliché reveal that a national hero, Robert Forrest has died. America mourns.

Forrest, as even the dullards in the audience must realize, is Charles Lindbergh. We hear testaments to his courage. He was a superman, worshiped by his countrymen, yet there was still a "simple, homely" Middle American quality about him. Spencer Tracy plays a noted war correspondent who wants to write his authorized biography in order to stiffen the national backbone in these parlous times.

While studying "Forward America," the organization Forrest has dedicated to "true Americanism" (the noun's the tip-off), Tracy uncovers the startling truth: Robert Forrest was . . . A *Fascist Traitor*! It turns out that Mrs. Forrest (Katharine Hepburn) facilitated the killing of her own husband as an act of patriotism. "Of course they didn't call it fascism," she sobs to Tracy. "They

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painted it red, white, and blue and called it Americanism." Hepburn is murdered at film's end by a squirrely Forward America leader, but in death she is eulogized by a grateful nation for saving us from a cornfed Hitler. No wonder Lucky Lindy wanted to live among the Tasaday.

Keeper of the Flame was a box-office disappointment. Director Cukor, a wholly apolitical man, called it "pure hokey-pokey." Yet it remains a fascinating artifact. As a piece of celluloid slander it is unmatched: it makes Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* look like a tribute commissioned by William Randolph Hearst. (Hepburn later averred, lamely, that *Keeper of the Flame* had been based on Hearst, not Lindbergh.)

How could a major studio (MGM) make a film calumniating the towering American hero of its age? The answer, of course, is that Lindbergh had just been reviled as "the Number One Nazi fellow traveler" by FDR's tame curmudgeon, Harold Ickes. The hit, if not authorized at the top, was inspired by it. Lindbergh's father was a Minnesota congressman whose populist attacks on the merchants of death won him the sobriquet of the "Gopher Bolshevik." Young Charles was his father's son, and his opinion, shared on so many Oak and Elm and Maple streets, was simply this: "What happens in Europe is of little importance compared with what happens in our own land. It is far more important to have farms without mortgages, workmen with their homes, and young people who can afford families, than it is for us to crusade abroad for freedoms that are tottering in our own country." This is hate and perfidy and treason?

I know that I am stepping, none too daintily, among the land mines. I readily concede that anti-Semitism was a motive in later unjustified government investigations of Hollywood. For example, two of the martyred Hollywood Ten, American Communist Party members Edward Dmytryk and Adrian Scott, were haled before the silly House Un-American Activities Committee largely because of their roles directing and producing *Crossfire* (1947), in which a psychopathic soldier (Robert Ryan) beats to death a Jewish man he has picked up in a bar. *Crossfire* is a strange hybrid: a fast-paced film noir clogged with tedious moralizing by detective Robert Young, who knows best and wants to tell us about it. Nevertheless, making preachy films is not against the law, else Stanley Kramer and Dickey Attenborough would be in the hoosegow, and, besides, those Communists who clammed up and refused to betray their friends deserve a grudging respect. (Dmytryk did eventually squeal.) It should be noted, however, that the wicked national security state of which the witch-hunting HUAC was a minor part was bequeathed to us by the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. What comes around . . .

Hollywood's evangels of globaloney discovered that there were limits to their audience's credulity. One deserving flop was Darryl Zanuck's lavish *Wilson* (1944), a stiff and hilarious bio-pic intended to promote Zanuck's great enthusiasm, the United Nations. *Wilson* is a hoot: this is hagiography gone haywire, for Alexander Knox plays the great man as such a prig that even the most fanatical World Federalist must cheer as the pursed schoolmarm sees his League of Nations rejected by the benighted multitude. Thrown for a loss by *Wilson*'s disastrous box office—the people of Zanuck's hometown of Wahoo, Nebraska, site of the glitzy premier, were so indifferent that the miffed magnate vowed never to return—Zanuck shelved plans to film the egregious Willkie's *One World*.

Wilson bombed in 1944; so did Senator Nye, who lost his reelection bid. The muck had stuck: Nye went to his grave wearing the scarlet-lettered cerements that shroud so many of our best dissidents. The funny thing was, he had been correct: Hollywood *was* run by European-born moguls; a disproportionate number of its directors *were* European immigrants; British actors *did* "swarm" all over the place; the monopolistic studios *did* have a powerful interest in keeping open their lucrative European markets; American theaters *were* flooded with war propaganda. But the excursion into nativity checks was a dead end. Robert Sherwood had a Yankee Doodle lineage, as did such sanguinary intellectual partisans as Archibald MacLeish and William Allen White. And the man in the White House was a Dutch patroon who made your average Plains isolationist look like a wetback.

The studio chiefs survived the Republic, but only by a few years. The mini-empires they built are owned today by Japanese and Australians and the faceless conglomerates of the New World Order. Come the next war, a Nye for the 90's won't know where to begin.

Bill Kauffman is author of the novel Every Man a King.

Journalists in Government

by Russ Braley

Who Owns the News?

You're not going to believe this, but last year C-SPAN broadcast a news media get-together that did not put everyone to sleep. As a rule, soul-searching sessions of media stars, or journalistic entities, as Wes Pruden of the *Washington Times* calls them, end in self-congratulatory hosannas to their integrity and their courage in calling it as they (collectively) see it.

The forum in Washington sponsored by the Society of Professional Journalists was different. There was disagreement. Even spite and snarling. Syndicated columnist and former speechwriter for President Reagan Mona Charen was entirely ladylike, but on two occasions David Broder looked ready to pop her on the nose, if she were a man.

Broder, perhaps the leading entity at the *Washington Post*, had proposed the subject: "Journalists in Government." In recent years he has been sounding the alarm about journalists entering and leaving government service in a "revolving door." As he put it to the panel: "My original concern was the reputation of journalism in this country and our ability to maintain the public perception that we were separate from, and different fundamentally in our function from, the government officials that we cover."

This was not a new kink in journalism when Broder discovered it. A decade ago I was, like Broder, alarmed at the revolving door. It was a sub-theme in a book I wrote in the early 1980's, eventually published in 1984, *Bad News*. At that time interchangeable journalist-government officials infested particularly the *New York Times*, usually serving in the State Department, Defense

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Department, or White House—even during the Vietnam War, against which the *Times* campaigned with some passion. I was concerned that these interchangeable men took their knowledge of secrets and their confidential sources with them to work at the *Times*, which gave the newspaper an additional edge in spreading its viewpoint.

Clifton Daniel was an active Democrat, Washington nabob, and then *Times* managing editor. William Safire left the Nixon White House to become the *Times*' conservative, filling a void. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance resigned the Carter administration to return to the *Times*' board of directors. When the *Times* published its house-written version of what it called the Pentagon Papers in 1971, the documents had been compiled by Assistant Secretary of Defense for Security Affairs Paul Warnke, his deputy Morton Halperin, and Leslie Gelb, an interchangeable man and the brother of a *Times* editor. All were doves.

While it was never suggested that this dovecote in the Defense Department alerted the *Times* to the secret study, Gelb later went to a choice job at the *Times* and both Warnke and Halperin appeared on the *Times*' op-ed pages. Their Pentagon Papers, which Daniel Ellsberg stole from the Rand Corporation, ended up at the *New York Times*, where they inspired the creation of the White House Plumbers (J. Edgar Hoover would not look for Ellsberg) and were the catalyst for profound changes in the direction of history.

While I suggested a decade ago a conflict of interest in interchangeable men, Broder's concern was something else. He worried about the reputation of journalism, apparently unaware that the public perception is that journalism is hopelessly corrupt.

On the Washington panel, commentator Hodding Carter III—a newspaper heir and the Carter administration's State Department spokesman —suggested leaving out "television gong-show participants, commentators and columnists"—that is, himself—and limiting discussion to the possible conflicts of reporters of news. Broder declined; he meant to include anyone who is a journalist. "All I'm saying is there ought to be a clear and visible difference between who journalists are and what journalists do, and who politicians and government officials are and what they do," Broder argued. "That distinction is being erased."

Broder directly challenged Carter, Charen, and Ron Nessen, NBC radio news chief and former press spokesman for President Ford. Broder cited *Washington Post* reporters working government beats in Washington, who, he said, were entirely independent precisely because they had been raised exclusively in newsrooms and had never worked in government. Broder got some support from *Washington Post* ombudsman Richard Harwood, who said that the paper's editor Leonard Downie, Jr., would not hire anyone from government as a journalist.

Charen did not believe that the *Post* reporters cited by Broder were unbiased, but she did not say so directly. She suggested that the issue was not whether a person could cross over from government to journalism and back, or whether a reporter on the beat was more pure than a columnist, but whether a journalist allowed himself or herself to be used by a politician or official. She said her experience in the Reagan White House taught her to recognize at a glance news stories from Washington in which the reporter had put a spin on the facts "to flatter or advance the cause of the person they are intimate with." "I can pick up the morning paper and recognize the fine hand of [Secretary of State] James Baker in every single sentence of that story, and there is absolutely no way the public would know this," she stated.

She believed that Broder "would say that was okay," provided the reporter adding the spin had never worked for government. "You think that is what I would say?" he demanded. "That is not what I would say, just for the record." "In the last couple of minutes," he added, "we've heard something displayed that frankly had not crossed my mind in previous efforts to think through this question. That is, that there is one more thing that those who are line-crossers bring with them, and that is scorn for people who work as career people in journalism."

By now expert insulters were trading insults. Carter, feeling that he had been addressed, intervened to protest the implication that he had scorn for mere newsmen. He agreed with Charen that reporters acting as conduits for officials dishonor journalism and that journalism in Washington is in a sad state. Officials who invite you to sup at their tables on Saturday night, give you your lines to write, then read their lines in the newspaper Monday morning: "Those are the ones who have scorn for you, not me," he said. "Not me." Nessen offered soothing agreement with Broder, that some of the gong-show participants perform as dispensers of advice on television but then go back the next day pretending to cover a beat as straight reporters. "I don't see how Eleanor Clift gets away with it," he said. Clift is a McLaughlin Group regular, a *Newsweek* reporter, a liberal like Broder, and a militant feminist.

Charen, who often performs on the *Capital Gang* gong show, had clashed with Broder earlier, when she said "Fred Barnes is a conservative columnist with the *New Republic*—and everybody knows it—and a good reporter, too."

Broder, brusque: "Excuse me, but is that identified in the *New Republic*?"

Charen, puzzled: "The *New Republic* is a magazine of opinion. It isn't like the *Washington Post*."

Broder: "But you said that everybody knows Fred Barnes is a conservative columnist for the *New Republic*. I'm asking you, are the readers of the *New Republic* told that?"

Charen: "Most people can make that distinction for themselves. They know when somebody is grinding an ax. It's clear and it's obvious."

Nessen, helping Broder: "But it's not obvious, that's the point." He said the public does not recognize the difference between news people and politicians, giving as the prime example Jesse Jackson, political activist, Washington senator, acting "just like talk-show host Larry King."

In these exchanges Broder walked into a sort of buzz saw running smoothly and quietly. Television is a hot medium, and performers strive to maintain their cool. Charen, who is poised, calm, and speaks in clear, brief, complete sentences, is a natural, while the menacing Broder came across like Torquemada.

Nessen remarked that when President Ford lost the election and was looking for work, he was told at CBS that he would have to "undergo a period of decontamination." That was echoed by a voice from the audience, that of Jerry terHorst, who had been Ford's first press spokesman for 30 days, then resigned because Ford pardoned Richard Nixon.

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TerHorst, who had been a well-known Washington correspondent and later worked for a time as a Ford Motor Company flack, regretted ever having left journalism. He got a round of sentimental applause, but nobody asked the important questions of him: Had he done the right thing in resigning, and did he still think that Ford should not have pardoned Nixon?

An unidentified voice from the crowd asked the panel to comment on the fate of John Mecklin, *Time* magazine reporter, who was hired as United States spokesman in Vietnam because he was expected to communicate with fellow reporters. Mecklin wrote in *Mission in Torment*, the questioner said, that "he ended up by being thought a sellout by the government to the journalists, and a sellout by the journalists to the government. Is this an impossible thing, a no-win situation?"

Carter gave a nattering nonanswer to the question, saying these things depend on cases. Someone should have pointed out that Mecklin was dealing with his friends David Halberstam and Neil Sheehan, the original antiwar activists, who took refuge in his house in Saigon, fearing that the brother of Ngo Dinh Diem might have them killed. Halberstam later wrote that he had agreed to join a coup against Diem (a coup that was called off), and years later it was learned that a key source for the journalists was Pham Xuan An, erstwhile correspondent for Reuters and *Time* who was a North Vietnamese intelligence colonel, so perhaps Halberstam and Sheehan had reason to worry. Diem was later assassinated in the American-authorized coup. Mecklin indeed suffered from divided loyalty, which his book describes.

Note that the remarks of terHorst and Nessen, and the Mecklin question, go back to the 60's and 70's, to the days when the present journalist priesthood was formed, during which time carrying the adversary relationship to extremes became the rule. The drama of Vietnam and its spin-offs through the Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford administrations cemented the polarization.

During that time journalists who crossed into government or vice versa included most notably those at the *New York Times* and some others who had unusual impact: ABC reporter John Scali, who became United Nations ambassador after giving President Kennedy's government, not ABC, priority during the Cuban missile crisis, and President Johnson's press spokesman Bill Moyers, who graduated to become Public Television's taxpayer-funded doctrinaire liberal oracle. But since that era a slew of publicists who worked for the Reagan and Bush administrations have now been loosed on the public, even former Governor and White House Chief of Staff John Sununu.

In her column after the forum debate, Charen pointed out:

> One has a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Broder and others of his persuasion lived happily with the revolving door until conservatives began circulating through it. Turn on television or pick up a newspaper and you're likely to encounter a number of prominent conservative journalists who have served in government: George Will, Patrick Buchanan (until he revolved back again a few months ago), Charles Krauthammer, John McLaughlin, David Gergen, William Safire, and others.
>
> At the same time, there are far too many journalists, some at Mr. Safire's paper, who have never served in government but are nonetheless shameless flacks for their sources who do. These supposedly virginal watchdogs in the Fourth Estate somehow allow themselves to be used by secretaries of state and assistants to the President not just to get the news, but to settle scores and to spin the story. Their reward is enhanced access and improved relations with the principal source. You can't get at that kind of corruption by erecting a wall of separation between government and the press.

Corruption is the key word. Broder's very narrow goal of protecting a holier-than-thou press from unfavorable public perceptions is entirely beside the point. No one can put the stopper back in the bottle of journalists becoming officials and vice versa.

Indeed, Broder's contention that *Washington Post* reporters, or anybody's reporters, are entirely independent is not possible. Sometimes a reporter agrees 100 percent with his publisher and chief editor, so he or she can feel independent. But if a reporter disagrees with his bosses, let us not kid each other, he or she cannot get a report into the paper the way it should be written and is most unlikely to be allowed a free-swinging column. Broder is dead wrong that being brought up in the newsroom makes one independent. If you quit a job in journalism, you may not get back in again easily.

Broder's approach illustrates how much we have overdone the adversary relationship. As a young lady in the audience at the Washington panel who identified herself as a journalist for 12 years put it: "When a government official compliments me on a story, I wonder where I went wrong." She wanted to know how Ron Nessen felt when he took the job with President Ford. How he felt, going over to the enemy. An Oprah question. Here is a young lady who is likely to go far in a profession that demands conformity. When the definition of journalism includes unswerving opposition, even hostility, to all government officials, the intensity of which is tripled or quadrupled for a Republican government and Republican officials, we have gone off the deep end, just as we have done in our too-adversarial justice system.

The issue for journalists is corruption. Use of anonymous sources (which means spoon-feeding) corrupts; conformists bowing to peer pressure from their colleagues (joining with the pack) corrupt. Identifying journalism with a conformist line of thought and then putting loyalty to journalism over loyalty to government corrupts. If journalists should adopt a uniform conservative dogma instead of the liberal unithink of the 1970's, it would be equally corrupting. Maybe there are more ways to say that conformity corrupts. It won't be easy to fix. But more knock-down debates like this one might help. For that we're indebted to David Broder, even if he struck out this time.

Russ Braley was a reporter and editor from 1948 to 1987. He was a foreign correspondent for 20 of these years.

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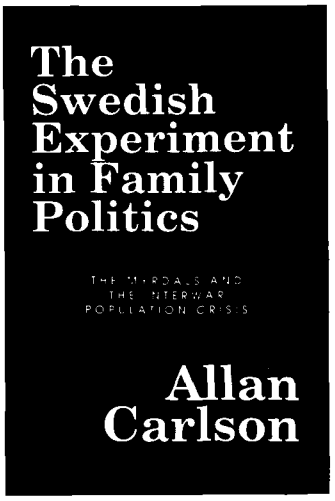
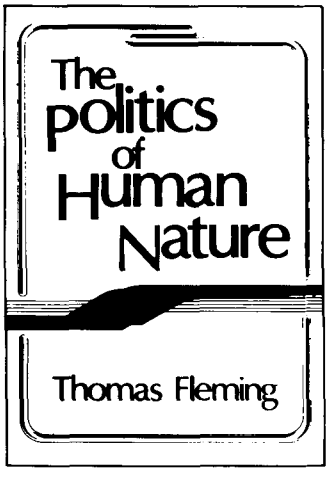
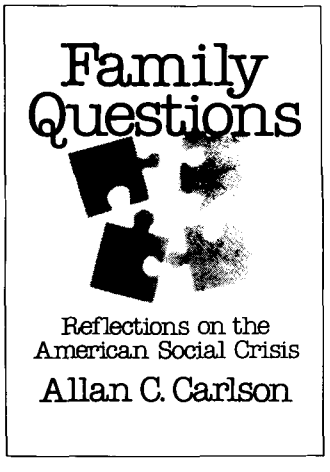
New and Recent Books on Family and Policy







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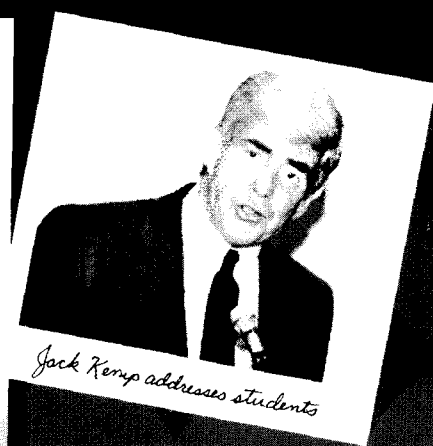

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